

THE CENTENNIAL DRAMA



MISSOURI
ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

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ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE SAINT LOUIS MISSOURI CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

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MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

by

THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Produced Under the General Direction
of

WILLIAM W. LA BEAUME

Assisted by

ROBERT HANNA

Chairman of the Production Committee

IN COMMEMORATION OF THE ONE HUNDREDTH
ANNIVERSARY OF MISSOURI'S ADMISSION TO
THE UNION

THE COLISEUM
SAINT LOUIS, MISSOURI
October 11th to 15th, 1921



THE SAINT LOUIS MISSOURI
CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

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MISSOURI—ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

Programme as Originally Produced By

THE ST. LOUIS MISSOURI CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION

In Commemoration of the
One Hundredth Anniversary of Missouri's
Admission to the Union.

Under the General Direction of
WILLIAM W. LABEAUME

Written and Directed by
THOMAS WOOD STEVENS

Assisted by
ROBERT HANNA
Chairman of the Production Committee

Music by Frederic Fischer—Noel Poepping—Gerald Tyler

Dramatis Personae

IN THE PROLOGUE

The Spirit of Missouri	{ Mrs. George Gellhorn
A Wilderness Spirit	{ Miss Charity M. Grace
The River Spirit	{ Miss Alice Rhodus
The Manitou Tawiskaron.	{ Miss Mae Green
The Manitou Nanabozho.	{ Miss Frances Broerman
The Medicine Man	{ Miss Viola Goeke
The Black Gown.	{ Mr. Manuel Essman
The Explorer.	{ Mr. Leo Vierheller
The Trapper	{ Mr. Gustavus Tuckerman
The Miner.	{ Mr. A. B. Murphey
The Adventurer.	{ Mr. J. A. Hardy
The Frenchman.	{ Mr. Jerome Simon
The Spaniard.	{ Mr. Ray Mountain
The American.	{ Mr. E. L. Applewhite
Strife.	{ Mr. David Friedman
The Spirit of Jefferson.	{ Mr. Urban Dames
The Spirit of Napoleon.	{ Mr. W. H. Hoppe
	{ Mr. R. W. Bruner
	{ Mr. Edgar P. Shutz

IN THE PLAY

The Host.	Mr. John J. Hanley
The River Man.	Mr. Peter B. Gibson
The First Gambler.	Mr. R. H. Simpson
The Second Gambler.	Mr. George Mattingly
The Constable.	Mr. Owen B. Tillay
Hamilton Rowan Gamble.	Mr. Frank Somerville
Judge J. B. C. Lucas.	Mr. Harry McClain
James Bridges.	Mr. Gilbert C. Goodlett
The Hostess.	Mrs. R. W. Bruner
Mrs. Coalter.	Mrs. William Scheville
Kibbie—the Head Hostler.	Mr. Blanchard McKee
David Barton.	Mr. Daniel Bartlett
Alexander McNair.	Mr. John P. Sweeney
Thomas Hart Benton.	Mr. David O'Neil
Pierre Chouteau, Jr..	Mr. Hector Pasmezoglu
Marie P. Leduc.	Mr. Harman C. Steck
Bernard Pratte.	Mr. Robert J. Liebe
The Slave Dealer.	Mr. Anselm B. Murphy
Edward Bates.	Mr. Culver Hastedt
Caroline Coalter.	Miss Florence Walters
Luke Lawless.	Mr. David Friedman
Auguste Chouteau.	Mr. Henry de Lecluse
Madame Chouteau.	Mrs. Walter B. Douglas
Mrs. de Mun.	Mrs. Geo. E. Norton
Dr. Quarles.	Mr. J. A. Hardy
Dr. Farrar.	Mr. Ray Mountain
Joshua Barton.	Mr. Robert Garvey
Manuel Lisa.	Mr. Howard Rhodus
Henry Dodge.	Mr. E. L. Applewhite
Isaac Henry.	Mr. Owen B. Tillay
Julia Coalter.	Miss Charlotte Coombe
McFerron.	Mr. W. H. Hoppe
General Ashley.	Mr. George W. Briggs
Daniel Ralls.	Mr. Robert J. Liebe
Clerk of the Legislature.	Mr. Edgar P. Schutz
Mandy.	Miss Rhea MacAdams
Charles Lucas.	Mr. Percy Ramsey
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Copy Boy, from the Enquirer Mr. George Beemarkt
 Joseph Charless, of the Gazette . . Mr. Urban L. Dames
 Gov. William Clark Mr. Gustavus Tuckerman
 An Indian Chief Mr. Leo Vierheller
 A Despatch Rider Mr. W. H. Hoppe, Jr.

IN THE EPILOGUE

Missouri { Mrs. George Gellhorn
 Saint Louis { Miss Charity M. Grace
 Strife Mr. David Friedman
 Mr. W. H. Hoppe

DANCE GROUPS IN PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

Margaret Flishert, Louise Winkleman, Bernice Maffatt, Clover Kuntzman, Marie Heintze, Evelyn Egelhoff, Verna Geske, Greer Flachmeir, Charlotte Reynolds, Eunice Meyer, Anna Klausman, Bessie Betts, Margery Runde, Caroline Herman, Charlotte Vandegrif, Dorothy Vesey, Emma Davis, Helen Fitzsimmons, Jennett Lipp, Thelma Witzig, Viola Noble, Myrtle Voss, Estelle Eyesmann, Kathyne Meisner, Nadine Settle, Viola Kant, Adele Ehrlich, Agnes Philips, Ruth Fredrick, Grizelda Heslep, Virginia Edwards, Martha Baits, Gertrude West, Edna Ehrlich, Ruth Parker, Edith Volkmann, Ann Agress, Ethel Barrett, Helen Streit, Mary O'Donnell, Corinne Hachtman, Dorothy Grealish, Mary Kruse, Ethel Maleker, Ida Rothberg, Sarah Goodman, Jennet Reuter, Lucille Bradley, Beatrice Coleman, Francis Bell, Lillian Carmen, Ruth Affelder, Niema Gebery, Pearl Wallace, Margaret Stephens, Edna Steffhens, Mable Liclerg, Gertrude Lenz, Irma Nicholas, Minnie Mandelkern, Henrietta Affelder, Margaret Weiler, Rossela Kaufman, Helen Blumenthal, Rose Adler, Esther Johnson, Mable Bowling, Adele Seidel, Mary Burke, Ellen Chapman, Sarah Katz, Ethel Fortos, Winifred Williams, Dorothy Chard, Dorothy McLeod, Jenny Gill, May Mullen, Katherine Mullen, Pearl Fogarty, Gussie Rosenbalm, Ruth Donnelly, Esther Donnelly, Dorothy Winters, Marian Nussbam, Alice Anderson, May Kruse, Jennett Reuter, Celine Eax, Vera Kemper, Lillian Hankemeyer, Ruth Downey, Mae Green, Frances Broerman.

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By the Junior Chamber of Commerce

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SCENES OF THE PLAY

THE PROLOGUE—A Cliff by the two Rivers.

THE PLAY—Act 1, THE ERECTION OF THE STATE.

Scene 1—Events of the Years 1816 to 1820.

Scene 2—The Summer of 1820.

Act II. THE STRUGGLE FOR ADMISSION.

Scene 1—The Autumn of 1820.

Scene 2—The Spring of 1821.

The scene of the play is before a Tavern, representing at various times the Mansion House and the Missouri Hotel, in Saint Louis.

THE EPILOGUE—The Celebration of the Hundred Years.

STAFF OF THE PRODUCTION

Director, Thomas Wood Stevens

Assistant Directors, Joseph Solari, Harry McClain.

Musical Director, Frederic Fischer

Associate Musical Director and Composer of the Music for the Drama, Noel Poepping

Composer of Music for the Prologue, Gerald Tyler

Composer of Music for the Epilogue, Frederic Fischer

Art Director, Dawson Watson

Director of Dancing, Adeline Rotty

Costume Director, Margaret Breen

Director of Lighting, Ralf Toensfelt

Wardrobe Director, Mrs. Wm. M. Steele

Stage Managers, Rodowe Abeken, Frank Somerville,

Joseph Rouveyrol, Edgar Roy, J. A. Robinson

Scenery by Toomey and Volland, and Berger & Son

Decorations by the Missouri Tent and Awning Co.

Costumes by M. J. Clarke

Photographs by Kajiwara

COMMUNITY DRAMA IN SAINT LOUIS

And the Purposes of

THE CENTENNIAL DRAMA

by

WILLIAM WOOD LABEAUME

The City of Saint Louis has had for many years, a tradition of community recreation—of “playing together”. This tradition has developed, again and again, notable instances of creative play, of which the most outstanding example was the Pageant and Masque of St. Louis, produced in Forest Park in 1914 to commemorate the 150th anniversary of the founding of Saint Louis. Here in a production which employed a cast of seventy-five hundred Saint Louisans, and which was viewed by over five hundred thousand persons at but four performances,—a production of unprecedented scale—the citizens came together with contributions which combined the arts of drama and music, dance and ritual, and the various stage crafts. The result was a great encouragement to all of these arts in Saint Louis; but the very success of it made impossible the use of similar means on another occasion, unless the opportunity for the repeated use of the same great scale should be open. The Centennial of the Admission of Missouri to the Union provides another occasion, but circumstances of the season and of State affairs counselled a different scale and a more intensive method. The tradition is the same, and we draw from the same creative resources in the community. The result is another experiment in the field of Community drama—perhaps as significant in its own way as the previous and more magnificent enterprise of seven years ago.

The Admission of Missouri to the Union took place under a portentous stress, and through a fiery political struggle. The chief events, so far as the State was concerned, occurred in Saint Louis, where the Constitutional Convention was held. The dominant characters this time were Saint Louisans; and these characters, because of the variety and vividness of their personalities, dictate

to some extent the form of our observance of their historic acts. They seem to demand treatment in a more intimate method than the episodic Pageant affords. The consideration of these characters engaged in the political battle of one hundred years ago, together with the record of Saint Louis in the civic arts, has led to the plan for the programme of the celebration of the occasion by the Saint Louis Missouri Centennial Association.

This programme is comprehensive and characteristic. For the first week, a series of great popular festivals are to be held on the broad Plaza on Twelfth Street. To afford a decorative background for these festivals, replicas of several of the principal buildings of the Saint Louis of 1821 have been constructed. The Lafayette Ball, the Civic Festival, the Military Ball and Fete, and the Community Sing each take one evening and the public has been asked to participate in all of these festivities; for the second week, the production, in the Coliseum, of a Centennial Drama, to be called "Missouri—100 Years Ago".

To the task of writing and producing this drama the Committee called Mr. Thomas Wood Stevens, of the Department of Drama at the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Mr. Stevens was already known in Saint Louis as the author and director of the Pageant in 1914 (Mr. Percy MacKaye having written the Masque given in conjunction with the Pageant) and Mr. Stevens undertook the work with a sympathetic knowledge of the Saint Louis tradition. After a study of the historical material, in which he was assisted by Professor E. M. Violette and Miss Stella Drumm, Librarian of the Missouri Historical Society, the plan of the drama presented in this book was worked out. It is not a Pageant, though it has in the Prologue and Epilogue something of the technique of pageantry. It is rather a sweeping drama of one period and phase of life, broadly popular in its light and shade and abundant action, severely historical in its translation of the spirit of political events, and in the rigid economy of its characterizations. The author has not attempted to "white-wash the period", but to present it. The characters are not heroes in the rose light of worshipful descendants, but types of a past day,

just inside the frontier, with all their political and personal aspirations and animosities within them. They speak as their contemporaries reveal them; as they wrote themselves down in their letters; as the journalism of their day reflected them. And this comparatively realistic method, for all its technical difficulties, has in it a seed of something which is lacking in the usual scheme of pageantry.

Numerous artists of the city have been called upon to assist;—the Composers, Frederic Fischer, Noel Poepping, and Gerald Tyler; the artists and designers of costumes and scenery, among them Margaret Breen and Dawson Watson; the designer and instructor of the dancing groups, Miss Adeline Rotty; the Pageant Choral Society—created as a result of the Pageant and Masque of 1914—a great cast of citizens in the capacity of dancers and actors; stage directors, among them Joseph Solari, Harry McClain, and Robert Hanna, the last named serving in the major capacity of Chairman of the Productions Committee.

The community is most fortunate in the possession of a large group of citizen-artists who can always be depended upon to lend their technical skill to civic celebrations in Saint Louis. Their plans can only be realized through the cooperation of many elements, and the success achieved in this celebration, and in past celebrations, has been due to a City Administration, the press, religious and educational organizations, civic, social, and business organizations, and a host of individuals in all walks of life, who have the proper amount of sympathy and understanding and who appreciate the true value of these festivals and community dramas to the welfare of the City. The result of this co-operation can best be judged by the audiences which will witness the production in the Coliseum. But something of our intentions may be seen in the text of the play which follows and which, in the opinion of many of us, represents a distinct step in the technical progress of the Community Drama movement in America.

Saint Louis, Missouri.
September Twenty-Seventh,
Nineteen-Twenty One.

PRODUCTIONS COMMITTEE

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MISS FAY BAKER
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MR. THURMAN PAYNE, *Chairman*
MR. C. E. NEVILLE
MR. RODOWE ABEKEN
MRS. W. B. DOUGLAS
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MRS. DAISY FREEMAN ASSMAN
MISS MARY PLANT
DR. ARTHUR PROETZ

MUSIC

MRS. EDITH A. GOODWIN, *Chairman*
MR. HUGO ANSCHUETZ
MR. HERBERT COST
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PROPERTIES

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MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE PROLOGUE

In the darkness the orchestra begins upon a wild and primeval strain, as of storms beating down the war song and the war drums of a wilderness tribe. The strain grows calmer—more simple—and the sky glows faintly as with star light alone; and against it are seen great trees towering, and a sheer cliff, and beyond, the gleam of foam at the river's edge. Then a lyric strain: figures begin to move in the dim light; a more vital and triumphant note: the figures troop together, dancing. Now pools of golden light glow across the dance, and we see the nature spirits of the wilderness at play—the spirits of stream and mountain—tree and cloud—bird and beast. And leading the rout, which at last is seen to circle at her feet, the Primal Spirit of the Land—Missouri—dark, and proud and alluring. For the last sweep of the dance the Chorus joins the music.

CHORUS

Years—the years swing round
As the stars the pole,
Changeless and blind;
And the blossoming rains of Spring
And the Summer's burgeoning seed,
And the fire of Autumn's ruining,
And the snows of Winter's need,
Repeat forever—changeless and blind . . .
Years—the years swing round
As the stars the pole.

MISSOURI

Break off—ye dancing flames of my wilderness.
Be still, ye voices crying changeless things.
I touch new waters; feel new fires;
And in my darkling hair, new stars.
Who am I?

THE WILDERNESS SPIRITS

Soul of the hills—Missouri!
Pulse of the rivers—Missouri!

MISSOURI

Cry out to me, ye meeting rivers.
[*The two streams of River Spirits troop together
before her, crying out:*]

THE RIVER SPIRITS

Hail—Soul of the land—Missouri.

MISSOURI

Hail, mighty streams that ever at my feet
Pour to the sunward. And ye changing things
That season after season live anew
And so are changeless; and ye manitous,
Tawiskaron—dark Nanabozho, hail,
Back in the dawn, my brothers!
[*For a moment two great masked manitous dominate
the groups and answer her:*]

TAWISKARON

I for the moon and its wonder cry to you.

NANABOZHO

I for the sun and its splendor—I greet you.

MISSOURI

Spirits of morn and moonlight, wings of the air,
And serpent-basking rivers, and green hills,
Hear, all. The heart within me changes. Yea—
For all the changeless circle of the years,

And you who change not, I have come to feel
Some new thing hanging in the skies—
An onward urging light, a hand
Shaping the days before me; What is this?
Answer, ye manitous. Now are ye silent?

*[Before her appears an Indian Medicine Man, a
Prophet, in his ceremonial garments, surrounded
by Indians.]*

THE MEDICINE MAN

They will not answer. I speak. Man.
Hear now man's voice. Change comes.
Make hard your heart, or you will bend to Man.

*[From the river comes the Black Gown. The
Medicine Man and his Indian group stand their
ground but the wilderness spirits gather in still
sculptured groups.]*

THE BLACK GOWN

Soul of the land, the voice that echoes within you
Is His on high. Rejoice, and serve.

MISSOURI

Stay thou!

THE BLACK GOWN

I go on. Farewell.

[He vanishes. She moves slowly toward the river.]

MISSOURI

Rejoice and serve—what mean you?

*[Suddenly over the cliff comes a new group—the
Explorer, the Trapper, the Miner, the Adventurer.]*

THE EXPLORER

Look you—ye seekers of the way,
Here I set my blaze,
Where the great streams
Meet and flow southward.
What seek you?

THE TRAPPER

Furs in the snow-time.

THE MINER

Hoards of the earth—Silver and salt and lead.

THE ADVENTURER

Land—land and adventure.

[The three move on across the cliff.]

MISSOURI

Stay—Stay your steps. I have not welcomed you.

THE MEDICINE MAN

Make hard your heart.

THE EXPLORER

The way is always hard

For them that find it first. Set on. The flags

Will follow. Then are we too late.

MISSOURI

The flags?

THE MEDICINE MAN

Flags fly and change, we go.

[A march is heard and a French group enters, bearing the old French Royal standard; the group includes traders, settlers, soldiers and slaves.]

MISSOURI

What flag flies yonder?

THE FRENCHMAN

The flag of France, claiming this land.

MISSOURI

What bring you hither, folk of the lily flag?

THE FRENCHMAN

We bring you the light heart—the high heart,

Neighbor love, and the lift of song.



"MISSOURI," IN THE PROLOGUE.

MISSOURI

Ye say well.

*[Again a march, and the royal standard of Spain;
with it soldiers and slaves, but few settlers.]*

And you with the banner of scarlet and gold—
What bring you?

THE SPANIARD

Power we bring, the fringe of an empire's cloak,
And law, and the pride of honor.
But all these are fading. . . .

*[The Spaniard passes aside, and a new flag comes
to face the French—the American.]*

MISSOURI

And you—surely yon flag is the one
That streamed in my vision.

THE AMERICAN

I come to take you, Missouri,
For I am your destiny.

*[From each of the groups, creeping together into
one group, the slaves crouch before Missouri.]*

MISSOURI

And you—dark ones who bear no flag—what are you?

THE FRENCHMAN

Slaves, for your service.

THE AMERICAN

Slaves, to set free your wealth.

MISSOURI

And what is he who hides among these slaves?

STRIFE

[Flinging off the cloak of slavery.]

I am Strife . . . I come with these, but not to serve.

MISSOURI

Why then come you?

STRIFE

That you shall know hereafter.

MISSOURI

Be it so.

THE SPANIARD

Look you, Spirit of this new land,
I give this scroll, this emblem of my high authority,
Back—unto France. Farewell.

[Exit, the Spanish Group.]

MISSOURI

What scroll is this? Is this the lasting script
Of mine allegiance?

THE FRENCHMAN

Nay. Yet to its mouldering rolls
I will add parchment also.

MISSOURI

Ye flags that flash upon the wind, and fade,
And men who march beneath them, hear me now.
I dreamed of change, and after many moons
Ye bring me change.
But sudden flags and laws that fade,
These I love not. Where is the final flag,
The lasting law; and from whose hand the scroll?

[Music. Between the two upright flags is disclosed a group representing the signing of the Louisiana Purchase. Behind the signers, right and left, presences of Napoleon and Jefferson. The voice of Jefferson is heard.]

JEFFERSON

We take the land and pay the price. The instrument we
sign will cause no tears to flow, but happiness for innumer-

able generations. These rivers shall see them prosper and increase, in the midst of equality, under just laws, freed from the errors of superstition and the scourge of bad government—worthy of the regard and care of God.

MISSOURI

If this be man, his voice is unto me
As a far prophet calling. And I heed.
And for the land I make submission.
Change now I fear not. And ye darkling ones,
Drink of my streams when your toil bends you down;
And Strife, from you I will not shrink.
Look now—ye men who bear the last bright flag,
I take of you my destiny. I give
My heart's allegiance to these starry states.
Take me, Missouri, to your field—a star.
Give me my seal of Sovereignty.—a State.

CHORUS

Rejoice, O hills that bloom beneath the sun;
O rivers free and filled with spring, be glad!
And meadows break beneath the plow
To new fertilities. . . .
Out of the strife—a State.
Out of the storm—a star.
[The vision vanishes in darkness.]

MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ACT ONE

Scene 1

[The scene is before the Tavern. It is still night, but the chill light of dawn is beginning to appear. In answer to a hail from the river side, three or four negro hostlers, led by Kibbie, the head hostler, tumble out sleepily and go off to care for the horses of an arriving party; they carry pierced or horn lanterns.]

As they go off, a window in the upper floor of the Tavern is flung open, and a young man is seen silhouetted against the yellow light within, where a few eager figures bend over cards and money on a green table cloth. The young man in the window leans out for a fresh breath of the early morning. One of the gamblers is seen to approach him, as if asking if he does not intend to continue the game; the man in the window shrugs his shoulders and turns out his pockets, showing them to be empty. The morning light is growing brighter.

Below, coming up from the river side, Mrs. Coalter and her family arrive at the Tavern. She is a lady of consequence from South Carolina, and her retinue is extensive; her two older daughters, Caroline and Julia, are each attended by personal

servants laden with hat boxes and the lighter and more personal sort of luggage.

The three younger daughters are in charge of a Mammy who shepherds them assiduously. A couple of stout negro men, heavily laden with boxes and satchels, bring up the rear. Mrs. Coalter herself is attended by her maid, "Mandy," a fine young woman, very black, with a flashing smile. The door of the Tavern is flung open and the Hostess hospitably welcomes the newcomers. Mrs. Coalter counts them up and overlooks the luggage as they pass into the open doorway. Evidently something has been forgotten, for just before she herself goes in, Mrs. Coalter despatches Mandy back to the carriage to fetch it. The door closes upon the entire party as Mandy goes on her errand. At the foot of the steps she meets Kibbie, returning from the stables, his extinguished lantern in his hand; Kibbie smiles affably, and is seen offering to go with her. She scornfully refuses his company, and goes off. Kibbie stands looking after her, fascinated.

The Tavern door opens again, and a Pioneer comes out. He is ready for the road, and behind him come his entire household—his wife, three small children, the grandmother, and two of the Tavern servants, heavily burdened. The Pioneer calls to Kibbie. Kibbie does not seem to hear, and the man shouts to him. He awakens from his day-dream, routs out two of the other hostlers, and they all troop off toward the stables, on the right.

As they disappear, a sudden quarrel breaks out in the upper room. The gamblers around the table rush, shouting, at some one who cannot be seen. Chairs are overturned. The young man with the

empty pockets moves to close the window. As he does so, shots are heard, and the yellow lights are fogged in pistol smoke. The young man flattens himself against the window frame, horror-stricken. The front door below is flung open, and the Host appears, sending servants for officers of the law. The noise inside ceases, but begins again immediately. The River Man and two gamblers rush out past the Host, who shouts after them.

THE HOST: Halt, there, you! Stand, I say!

THE RIVERMAN: Be still, landlord. Score's paid.

THE FIRST GAMBLER: Gentlemen's game.

THE SECOND GAMBLER:

[clutching the green cloth in which he has gathered up the cards and money]

You can't stop us.

THE HOST: You've got to stop till I know the damage.

THE RIVERMAN: Don't come near me. Anyhow, there's no witnesses.

THE YOUNG MAN *[from the balcony]* I was witness.

THE SECOND GAMBLER: He lies—he wasn't looking.

THE FIRST GAMBLER: He was broke—stone broke—

[The Constable enters with three watchmen, armed.]

THE HOST: Arrest these men, Constable.

THE RIVER MAN: You'd better not touch me. I'm going.

THE CONSTABLE: Put out your hands.

[The two gamblers obey; the River Man hesitates.]

Be quick about it.

[Judge Lucas enters and takes in the situation at a glance.]

THE HOST: Judge Lucas, I want these men held.

THE RIVER MAN: I'm not going to stand. No charge—no witness—

THE FIRST GAMBLER: It was just a gentleman's game. No harm in it.

JUDGE LUCAS[*to the River Man*]

Hands! Constable's orders. My order. The law.

[*The River Man puts out his hands*]

THE RIVER MAN: What sort of law is this? You ain't a Judge any more.

[*He moves his hand toward the breast of his coat. The Constable moves his pistol quickly to cover him.*]

JUDGE LUCAS: Let be. Empty pistol. I know. Seen him before. River rats. Take them all.

THE SECOND GAMBLER: What are you taking us for, Judge. We've done nothing.

THE FIRST GAMBLER: Dispute in the card room. Often happens. No damage done.

JUDGE LUCAS: Landlord, will you appear against them?

THE HOST: I didn't see it, Judge Lucas—

THE YOUNG MAN [*who has come down:*] I saw it.

JUDGE LUCAS: What's your name?

THE YOUNG MAN: Hamilton Rowan Gamble.

JUDGE LUCAS: Good. Competent witness. Constable, lock them up.

THE CONSTABLE: Just as you say, Judge Lucas.

[*Judge Lucas turns on his heel and goes out the way he came.*]

Now men. Come along with us

[*The Constable and his men take the River Man and the Gamblers in charge and start off with them. The Host goes quickly inside.*]

Just as they are going off the River Man shouts to the others, fells one of the watchmen at a blow and struggles free. There is a swift, scuffling fight, and the Gamblers break away and run for it, their cards and money fluttering out of the green cloth as they go. Hamilton Gamble starts to the Constable's assistance, sees it is useless, and stops, dazed by the suddenness of it all; he turns back to go into the Tavern.

Mrs. Coalter accompanied by her daughter Caroline (the eldest) comes out on the terrace; with them comes Edward Bates; they walk slowly along the terrace and are about to pass Hamilton Gamble when he looks up and recognizes the ladies. They seem about to greet him, when he becomes all at once conscious of his dishevelled appearance and his turned out pockets. He bows low; Mrs. Coalter nods frigidly; Caroline stares straight before her; he escapes into the Tavern. Mrs. Coalter, Caroline and Edward Bates continue their walk on the terrace.

Two legal-looking Kentucky gentlemen come in, glance at the Tavern sign, go up the steps and knock with their riding crops on the door. It is opened by a servant and at the same moment the Host comes out on the balcony above.]

THE HOST: At your service, gentlemen.

JAMES BRIDGES: Good morning, landlord. Is this the principal tavern of the town of Saint Louis?

THE HOST: I'll allow it is, sir.

JAMES BRIDGES: I'm James Bridges—lawyer. From Kentucky. Looking for Daniel Boone.

THE HOST: I haven't seen Daniel Boone. He hasn't been in Saint Louis for a coon's age.

JAMES BRIDGES: Well, he will be when he hears the news.

THE HOST: *[after a pause]*

Can I do anything for your entertainment, gentlemen?

JAMES BRIDGES: Maybe you can tell me where I might find the Congressional Delegate of this Territory?

THE HOST: I can. He lodges here. His name's John Scott. He just came up from Sainte Genevieve.

JAMES BRIDGES: Is he here now?

THE HOST: Can't say about that. Come in and wait?

JAMES BRIDGES: We'll do that.

[The two gentlemen from Kentucky go into the Tavern.]

[Mrs. Coalter, leaving Mr. Bates and Caroline on the terrace, calls through the door for Mandy, who appears immediately.]

MRS. COALTER: Mandy, my sunshade.

[Mrs. Coalter returns to the two on the terrace, and Mandy comes out and brings her the sunshade. Mrs. Coalter and the others go out to the right. Kibbie enters from the left, sees Mandy, and approaches her affably.]

KIBBIE: Look-a-here, gal—What for are you so proud when I come around?

MANDY: Proud? Who's proud?

KIBBIE: You are.

MANDY: Well, I got reason to be. I belong to Mrs. Coalter, and everybody knows the Coalters are about as fine people as they is in Carolina. Besides, I don't know who you all be.

KIBBIE: My name's Kibbie.

MANDY: Kibbie? Nice enough name.

KIBBIE: I hope you all like it.

MANDY: Say—what are you gettin' at? Who are you, anyhow?

KIBBIE: Why, I'm the head 'ostler here. Everybody knows Kibbie around here.

MANDY: Oh—you belong to the landlord, do you?

KIBBIE: No, I don't. I don't belong to nobody.

MANDY: Goodbye, man. I sure wouldn't have stood talking to you if I'd knowed you was free.

[Mandy goes haughtily into the house. Kibbie sits on the edge of the terrace in an attitude of complete dejection. Charles Lucas enters.]

CHARLES LUCAS: Good Morning, Kibbie. Has my father been here this morning?

KIBBIE: Yes, Master Charles. Judge Lucas was here, but he went off again towards the Court house.

[Kibbie resumes his attitude of despair.]

CHARLES LUCAS: What's the matter, Kibbie? Down-hearted?

KIBBIE: Yes, Master Charles.

CHARLES LUCAS: Gambling again?

KIBBIE: No, Master Charles.

[Charles Lucas starts to go: Kibbie follows a step or two.]

Just a minute, Master Charles. I want your advice. I'm in mighty big trouble. You know how come I's free, and all.

CHARLES LUCAS: Yes, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: Well now, Master Charles, I need advice. This morning I seen—you won't laugh at me 'bout this, Master Charles?

CHARLES LUCAS: No, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: Well, sir, this morning I seen a girl—she belongs to this Mrs. Coalter from Carolina. But she just won't have nothing to do with me, cause I's free. Now I don't know where I stand. What can I do?

CHARLES LUCAS: You mean you want to marry this girl?

KIBBIE: That's what I mean, Master Charles.

CHARLES LUCAS: And what does she say?

KIBBIE: She don't say nothing—'cause I's free.

CHARLES LUCAS: That is a problem, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: Yes, sir.

CHARLES LUCAS: You might buy her.

KIBBIE: I thought of that.

CHARLES LUCAS: Have you any money?

KIBBIE: Oh, yes, I got 'bout three hundred dollars.

CHARLES LUCAS: She'd be worth more than that.

KIBBIE: I might pay that for 'stallment and pay the rest afterwards. I'd work all my life for her, Master Charles—I would for true.

CHARLES LUCAS: I'll think about it, Kibbie. Maybe I can help you.

KIBBIE: I know you can, Master Charles. You can speak to Mrs. Coalter 'bout it. You see, I know a free nigger can't expect no help 'cept from you or your father—and I dassent ask your father.

CHARLES LUCAS: Well, I'll see what I can do. By the way, what's the girl's name?

KIBBIE: I don't rightly know, but I think it's Mandy. Here comes Mrs. Coalter now.

[Mrs. Coalter and the others re-enter along the terrace. Charles approaches them, and Edward Bates presents him to the ladies. Other citizens enter, and the copy boy from the Enquirer office comes among them passing out handbills.]

THE COPY BOY: Public meeting! Handbills—all about the meeting. Have one, sir? The Resolutions in full.

MRS. COALTER: A Public Meeting? Mr. Lucas, please, tell us what it is about?

CHARLES LUCAS: It seems to be a territorial protest meeting, Mrs. Coalter.

MRS. COALTER: Territorial protest? What is that? Where is it to be?

CHARLES LUCAS: Here, in front of the Tavern. It's to draw up resolutions to be sent to Congress—protesting against the Territorial Government.

MRS. COALTER: Dear me! Protesting against the Government?

EDWARD BATES: It's not so bad as it sounds, Mrs. Coalter. It's to start a public opinion in favor of making the Territory a State.

MRS. COALTER: Surely you don't object to that, Mr. Lucas.

CHARLES LUCAS: No, Mrs. Coalter, my feeling is against the men who are back of this meeting—and against Benton's newspaper.

[He taps the hand bill.]

Not against statehood.

MRS. COALTER: It's so hard to understand politics—especially when one is a stranger to the country, isn't it?

[The two young gentlemen attempt to explain the

local political situation to the ladies, as more citizens gather for the meeting. The Tavern servants move up a horse block to serve as a rostrum. Enter, from the right, Daniel Boone and his son Nathan. Boone is a very old man, white haired, of great personal dignity, in the traditional frontier garb. Nathan Boone is more conventionally dressed—a vigorous man in his forties. Boone is treated with great respect by all the citizens present, and his name is passed from one to another when he appears.]

DANIEL BOONE: Can any of you boys tell me if this is the tavern where Mr. Scott lodges?

THE HOST: Yes, Mr. Boone? I'll call him for you.

[The host goes into the tavern. John Smith T, coming on, greets Boone.]

JOHN SMITH T: Well bless my soul—it's Dan'l Boone. How are you?

BOONE: Peart, thank ye.

JOHN SMITH T: Don't you remember me, Dan'l. I'm John Smith T.

BOONE: Certainly I remember you, John T. But how comes it nobody's shot you before now?

JOHN SMITH T: I was too quick, that's how it come.

[The Host returns with John Scott.]

HOST: This is John Scott, Mr. Boone.

BOONE: Are you the gentleman who goes to Congress from this Territory, sir?

JOHN SCOTT: Yes, Mr. Boone.

BOONE: Are you the man that put up Congress to allot me a thousand acres of land up there by the Salt Lick?

JOHN SCOTT: Yes, Mr. Boone.

BOONE: I thank you, Mr. Scott. Now could you tell me what to do next about it—under the law. I wish to go according to the law, but I don't always understand it.

[James Bridges and his friend come out of the Tavern and stand on the steps, listening.]

JOHN SCOTT: The land is yours, Mr. Boone, by act of Congress.

BOONE: Yes, the land is mine. But I have had land before—that's all gone. The Spanish Governor de Lassus gave me ten thousand arpents of land. I governed the district. I was the syndic. And he gave me ten thousand arpents. The Land Commissioners took them away.

JOHN SCOTT: This time no one can take the land from you. It is yours. You may work it or sell it—whatever you like. It is a gift of Congress in recognition of your services to the State of Kentucky and to the nation. I will attend to the title.

JAMES BRIDGES *[coming forward]*: You're Dan'l Boone?

BOONE: Yes, stranger.

BRIDGES: And you've just been granted a thousand acres of land in Missouri?

BOONE: So they tell me, stranger.

BRIDGES: It's my duty to tell you I've a claim against you. Land sold in Kentucky. Defective title.

BOONE: *[to the crowd]* You see, men?

BRIDGES: I heard Delegate Scott say he would attend to the title. It comes direct from Congress. Very good. You can sell it, he says. Then you can turn it over to satisfy our claims.

[Bridges' companion takes out documents.]

BOONE: My children like this land by the salt lick. I'm

sorry you've come to take it. I 'lowed to be buried there when I die.

[Murmurs of sympathy among the crowd.]

BRIDGES: My business won't wait for that. Will you give it up?

NATHAN BOONE: Do I understand that you are for taking this grant away from my father?

BRIDGES: Yes.

SCOTT: You can't do this without due process of law. I warn you, on behalf of Mr. Boone. I will resist to the last court of appeal.

BRIDGES: You're talking politics now, Mr. Scott.

JOHN SMITH T: I'm not talking politics, stranger. But this can't be done. I'm for not talking at all.

[John T draws two efficient looking long-barrelled pistols. The crowd scatters.]

BRIDGES: Shooting won't help, Colonel.

JOHN SMITH T: You can't ever tell 'till you try.

JOHN SCOTT: Colonel Smith, I beg you to put up your pistols.

JOHN SMITH T: And let you talk, and him get away with Boone's land? No.

[By a quick, dexterous movement he cocks both pistols at once.]

BOONE: *[gently]* Mr. Scott, I think it likely these men may be in the right. I'll move on further.

[Murmurs from the crowd.]

JOHN SMITH T: Not by a damn sight!

[Again the crowd moves nervously.]

BOONE: John T, you put up your pistols, and sit down and keep still.

[*John Smith T slowly uncocks his pistols and obeys.*]

It's a beautiful country, up there by our salt lick, but it's getting too crowded. Settlers coming in, and the deer get scared away. I reckon it would be better for me further West. If you'll come in the Tavern with me, stranger, I'll sign you the land.

[*Boone, Nathan Boone, Scott and the two Kentuckians go into the Tavern. Mrs. Coalter's party appears on the balcony.*]

JOHN SMITH T: You see—that's how things are run in this territory.

THE COPY BOY: [*moving among the gathering crowd.*]
Public meeting! Hand bill from the Enquirer office—all about the Public Meeting. The Resolutions in full—Resolutions.

MRS. COALTER: From here we should see well, Mr. Lucas. Who is that young man—the one getting onto the horse block?

CHARLES LUCAS [*coldly*]: That's David Barton, madam.

MRS. COALTER: You don't like him, Mr. Lucas?

CHARLES LUCAS: I don't like his friends.

[*David Barton mounts the horse block to call the meeting to order.*]

BARTON: Fellow Citizens of the Territory of Missouri!
[*A few shouts of "Order," "Order" among the crowd.*]

You all know the purpose for which this meeting has been called. Nominations for a permanent chairman will be heard.

CHARLESS: Mr. Chairman, I nominate Judge Lucas.

[*Shouts of "No, No" drown out a few cheers for Lucas.*]



"MRS. COALTER."

BATES: Mr. Chairman, I nominate Alexander McNair.
[Shouts of "Aye," "Aye," "McNair."]

BARTON: The Chair hears the nomination of Mr. Alexander McNair. The Chair judges that Mr. McNair is elected by acclamation.

[Shouts of "McNair" as McNair mounts the block.]

MC NAIR: If there is no objection, Mr. David Barton will act as Secretary.

[A general shout of "Barton" mingled with good natured laughter.]

MC NAIR: Fellow citizens, you all know why we have met. A crisis has arisen. We must voice our opinion, our unalterable determination, in such terms that the nation may hear, and that Congress must heed. The Resolutions are before you. What is your will.

BENTON: Mr. Chairman.

MC NAIR: The Chair recognizes Mr. Thomas Hart Benton.
[Benton mounts the rostrum, amid some cheering.]

BENTON: Fellow Citizens: The first part of the resolutions submitted to you needs no argument of mine. It declares "that Congress have no right to control a State Constitution, except to preserve its republican character." That a Congress has sought to control is true. But we have never admitted its right so to do, and we never will. This is the real Missouri question—whether or not we, the people of this great territory now standing ready to take her place among the States, shall submit to the tyrannical dictation of the Representatives of the East and North.

[Shouts of "Never," "Never."]

We have already reminded Congress of the terms of the cession of this soil by France—terms binding upon them with the solemn force of a treaty. We have set forth our grievances. That we have no vote in their body, though

subject to taxation. Is the war of American Independence so soon forgotten? That we are subject to the absolute veto of a territorial governor; and that our superior Court is constructed on principles unheard of in any system of jurisprudence—subject to correction by no other tribunal! The evil of the territorial system you all know. You live in the midst of its disorders. The boundary we have asked is logical—a stately domain whose heart is watered by the Missouri where it flows through the woodlands—a domain extending across the naked plains to the shining mountains. Of this domain, and to escape from these evils, we have prayed Congress to erect a State. And what has been their answer: “Let us dictate your basic law—give over your property and your rights as free men—close your doors to your kinsmen coming from the South—be basely subject to a power outside your borders—and we may welcome you”. Shall we submit to this tyranny—this is the real Missouri question.

[*Shouts of “No—Never.” “Go on,” “Benton.”*]

Congress has engrafted upon the Missouri statehood bill the condition that our Constitution shall prohibit slavery within our borders. Shall we not resolve that so to prohibit slavery in Missouri would be equally contrary to the rights of a Sovereign State, and to the welfare of the slaves?

[*Cries of “Yes”—“No” “Down with the abolitionists.”*]

JUDGE LUCAS: [*Rising and facing Benton*]:

Colonel Benton, I ask you one question.

[*Shouts of “Out of Order.” “Sit down.” “Go on.”*]

Do you favor the institution of slavery?

BENTON [*silencing the crowd*]:

The question is not of slavery as an institution. I favor freedom under the Constitution, and the Treaty of

Cession—the inalienable right of Missouri to decide the question of slavery according to her own will.

JUDGE LUCAS: We all agree to the sovereign right of the State. No interference with slaves now in the territory. But slavery is contrary to the word freedom, and is an evil which, if not protested against, will bring upon us the censure of posterity, as well as the judgment of a just and angry God. I move you we resolve—

[His voice is drowned in shouts of “Down”—“No abolition”—“Benton”, “Go on.”—“Vote the resolution.”]

MC NAIR: Order. Order. Mr. Benton has the floor.
Mr. Benton.

[Judge Lucas stands silent.]

BENTON: And last—Resolved that the people of this Territory have a right to meet in convention by their own authority, to form a constitution and a state whenever they shall deem it expedient to do so; and that if Congress shall a second time refuse them admittance, it shall become expedient to exercise that right.

[Shouts of “Aye—aye.” “Good.”]

Citizens, I beg you to consider well these questions. The eyes of the American people are upon you. Our resolutions are mild and loyal in language, strong in import; and if once adopted, they will never be lightly abandoned.

*[Shouts of “The question,” “Vote”—“Vote.”
Benton stands aside.]*

MC NAIR: You have heard the resolutions. Those in favor? *[There is a tumultous shout of “Aye.”]*
Opposed.

JUDGE LUCAS AND JOSEPH CHARLESS: No.

[There is a growl from the crowd. McNair’s gavel falls sharply.]

MC NAIR: The resolutions are adopted.

[*The crowd cheers heartily. There are shouts of "adjourn"—"adjourn."*]

The meeting is adjourned.

[*The crowd scatters, and Chouteau, Pratte and Leduc approach Benton.*]

CHOUTEAU: [*Speaking with a marked French accent*]

Colonel Benton, we congratulate you. Admirable.

PRATTE: Verree eloquent. Yes. You know Monsieur Leduc?

BENTON: I have the honor.

[*Benton and Leduc shake hands.*]

CHOUTEAU: You are a very busy man, Colonel Benton—with your editorial work on the Enquirer?—

LE DUC: And your extensive practice of the law—No?

BENTON: I still have time for public affairs, gentlemen.

CHOUTEAU: We have thought to retain you in a case, Colonel Benton. We are all largely interested in lands granted by the Spanish Governors. As you know, these grants have been disallowed by the Land Commission.

LEDUC: But if we had an advocate of your ability—

PRATTE: And eloquence—

CHOUTEAU: We offer you the cases—*en bloc*.

BENTON: I have heard of these cases, of course, but not in detail. Who would be my opponent?

PRATTE: The American Government.

CHOUTEAU: And the former Land Commissioner, Judge Lucas.

BENTON: Done. I accept the case, gentlemen. Nothing can please me more than to be on the opposite side from Judge Lucas—and all his family.

CHOUTEAU: To the details, then. Will you step inside, gentlemen?

[They go into the Tavern. Benton lingering at the door. Mandy and Kibbie are on the terrace—she protesting.]

MANDY: What you think ain't got nothing to do with it. It's what the mistress says.

KIBBIE: She ain't going to say no to this. I'm going to marry you.

MANDY: You can't unless she says so.

KIBBIE: Mr. Charles Lucas is going to fix all that. I'm going to buy you off her.

MANDY: *[Laughing heartily]* You buy me?

KIBBIE: You see, Mr. Charles is going to fix it.

MANDY: You got a power of faith in Mr. Charles.
[She tosses her head and starts to go.]

KIBBIE: Wait—you ain't told me—

MANDY: I ain't going to, neither—'till the mistress says to.
[She laughs again and runs in past Benton. Barton and Lawless come up. As they start in, Benton says,]

BENTON: I've just taken a case—the Spanish grants. And I hear Charles Lucas has taken one too—negotiating to buy a wench for a free nigger. Legal business is flourishing.

[Barton and Lawless laugh as they go in. The Host appears on the step.]

THE HOST: Colonel Benton, Colonel Chouteau's compliments, and he and the other gentlemen are waiting for you in the card room.

BENTON: Thank you, landlord.

[Benton goes into the Tavern. As he does so, a Slave Dealer comes up, followed by an overseer and a group of slaves. Some of them are bound.]

THE SLAVE DEALER: Howdy, landlord. Any rooms for the night.

THE HOST: Surely I have, gentlemen. The best in the Territory.

THE SLAVE DEALER: Good. We'll be stopping. Where shall I pen my stock?

[He indicates the group of slaves. Twilight is coming on.]

THE HOST: One moment, stranger. If you're *dealing* in these, I can't put you up.

THE SLAVE DEALER: What's that? Don't you offer public entertainment?

THE HOST: Entertainment for man and beast. But not for you.

THE SLAVE DEALER: What right have you got?—

THE HOST: *[shouting through the door]*

Kibbie, come out and bring the boys—and bring my cane from behind the bar.

THE SLAVE DEALER: Come along. *[The slaves hesitate.]*
Back down by the river—it's nearer where you're going, anyway.

THE HOST: *[Again through the door.]*

Kibbie, I don't need you.

[The Host watches the Slave Dealer and his people depart; then goes in and closes the door. It is now late twilight, and lights begin to show inside the house. One of the French windows leading onto the balcony opens, and Caroline Coalter and

Edward Bates come out; they are illuminated by a shaft of light through the open window.]

CAROLINE: Mr. Bates, why do you persist so?

BATES: I can't give up.

CAROLINE: You must give up.

BATES: Not until I know why.

CAROLINE: Then—there's someone else. That's all the reason.

BATES: You—You are going to marry someone else?

CAROLINE: No. I can never marry him. He—he leads a life I can never join to mine. But that doesn't make any difference.

BATES: You love him?

CAROLINE: Yes.

[Bates draws back, his head bowed; straightens up again, and speaks resolutely.]

BATES: I understand. I can't complain. It's fate—I suppose. . . . Can you tell me his name.

CAROLINE: You know him. We passed him here this morning.

BATES: Hamilton Gamble?

CAROLINE: Yes.

BATES: At least, I may remain your friend?

CAROLINE:

[turning toward him impulsively and holding out her hand]

Edward!

BATES: *[Taking her hand and bowing over it]*
And if God gives me strength for it—I may be his friend, too.

[*He releases her hand, and goes. Mrs. Coalter and Charles Lucas come out on the terrace below.*]

MRS. COALTER: It's a strange request, Mr. Lucas, and does credit to your disposition.

CHARLES LUCAS: They're really children, Mrs. Coalter, and if we don't help them to carry their responsibilities—

MRS. COALTER: Well, I'll talk to them.

[*She calls up to Caroline on the balcony*]

Caroline—will you send Mandy to me; and tell her to bring this boy Kibbie with her.

[*Caroline goes in.*]

You say the boy is free? And of steady habits?

CHARLES LUCAS: Yes.

MRS. COALTER: I don't know that I approve. And Mandy is a useful girl—very useful.

[*Enter Mandy and Kibbie. They bob before Mrs. Coalter very sheepishly, in the light from the open door.*]

Mandy, I am told you have taken up with this boy, Kibbie?

MANDY: No, Missus. I ain't took up with him yet. I told him flat I wouldn't do nothing but what you tell me to.

MRS. COALTER: But you want to take up with him?

MANDY: I like him mighty well.

MRS. COALTER: And you, Kibbie—whose boy are you?

KIBBIE: I work here at the Tavern. I's the head 'ostler.

MRS. COALTER: But you're not the landlord's man?

KIBBIE: No ma'am. I's free.

MRS. COALTER: How come you free?

KIBBIE: My old master come up from Virginia, and he

brought me, and he took sick here, and I looked after him. And when he died he left a paper with Judge Lucas, and it says I's free.

[He takes a leather pouch from around his neck, and extracts a paper from it.]

Judge Lucas, he said, I was always to keep this paper on me.

[He steps forward to show it to her. She turns to Charles, who nods.]

MRS. COALTER: Very well. Now Kibbie, Mandy belongs to me, and she is worth eight hundred dollars. What do you suggest?

KIBBIE: I done told Mr. Charles.... I—I got three hundred dollars.... and I'd work all my life for her.

MRS. COALTER: You'd work all your life for her?

KIBBIE: I—I might tear up this yere paper, and belong to you all.

CHARLES LUCAS *[quickly]*: No, Kibbie.... You see, Mrs. Coalter.

MRS. COALTER: I think we may try it, Kibbie. I will sell you Mandy. I will take your three hundred dollars now; and within three years you and Mandy must bring me five hundred dollars more. And if you don't pay, Mandy comes back to me—with her children—your children. Do you understand?

KIBBIE: Yes, Mrs. Coalter. I thank you, Mrs. Coalter.

MRS. COALTER: Don't thank me. Thank Mr. Lucas. He's been mighty good to you.

CHARLES LUCAS: It's all right, Kibbie. And now if you'll step around to my office in an hour—you and Mandy—I'll draw up a contract for you. And you can bring it to Mrs. Coalter to sign tonight.

[Kibbie and Mandy bow, half kneeling, to Charles.]

KIBBIE: You—you sure are a Christian man, Master Charles.

MANDY: We can't never thank you enough—never.
[*They go out together.*]

MRS. COALTER: I vow, Mr. Lucas, I hever heard of such a contract. But I'm sure it's all right, if you say so. Goodnight!

[*Charles is left standing under the lamp that hangs over the door. Benton comes out, pausing to say over his shoulder.*]

BENTON: Then it's settled, Colonel Chouteau. Old Lucas may threaten, but he'll have to show he's not making something out of it—

CHARLES LUCAS [*Sharply*]: Colonel Benton!

BENTON: Lucas! Listening, were you?

CHARLES LUCAS: You discuss your cases in public. I couldn't help hearing. But I can help your speaking of my father as you did then.

BENTON: My business can be discussed in public. Your father's can't. And yours can't!

CHARLES LUCAS: What do you mean, sir?

BENTON: I mean your negotiations for a wench for the hostler.

CHARLES LUCAS: Colonel Benton, I stand by my acts. You know that. We have met once—

BENTON: I stand by my words.

CHARLES LUCAS: Colonel Benton, I am at your service.

BENTON: I desire nothing less.

CHARLES LUCAS: Mr. Joshua Barton will act for me.

BENTON: Colonel Luke Lawless for me.

CHARLES LUCAS: Where shall we meet?

BENTON: Where you please. And it cannot be too soon.

CHARLES LUCAS: Tomorrow.

BENTON: At dawn.

[Enter from the tavern, Luke Lawless.]

LAWLESS: Ah, Colonel.

[He sees Lucas, and looks from one to the other.]

Eh. Oh, I see.

CHARLES LUCAS: Colonel Lawless, I can only refer you to my friend, Mr. Joshua Barton. Good-night.

[Charles Lucas goes off, to the right.]

LAWLESS: But Tom—you and Lucas have fought once. You were both satisfied—

BENTON: Luke—I wish you'd see Barton for me.

LAWLESS: But is this necessary?

BENTON: It's not only what's just passed. Please go.

LAWLESS: Of course I'll go. But I'm devilish sorry to do it, Tom.

[Lawless goes out. Dance music is heard tuning up in the room above, and a group of gaily dressed ladies is seen for a moment through the windows. They pass, and the lights in the room above are dimmed. Judge Lucas comes on from the left, sees Benton, who stands moodily waiting, and addresses him.]

JUDGE LUCAS: Colonel Benton, you're taking these Spanish Land Grant cases.

BENTON: How do you know, Judge Lucas?

JUDGE LUCAS: Rumor. Now—word of warning. Been over them all, as Land Commissioner. Know them—all

of them. You should know. I'll not stand by and see former decisions reversed.

BENTON: I can't see where you come in, Judge Lucas. Whom do you represent?

JUDGE LUCAS: Public good. And with me—point of honor. [*Benton stands silent.*]

I've warned you.

[*The Judge stands looking at Benton. A silence. The Judge turns and goes off to the right.*]

BENTON: Point of honor. Ah, God.

[*He pulls himself together and goes into the Tavern. The dance music begins now, gaily, and the upper room is seen to be open. Ladies and gentlemen in capes and great coats are seen coming along the terrace to the Ball. Within they appear again in the most elaborate toilettes of the time. Before the dance begins, there is a movement of lanterns and figures gathering by the servants' doorway, where Kibbie's friends are rejoicing over the wedding. For a moment the song of the darkies is clearly heard; then the dance music above overpowers it. Colonel and Madame Chouteau lead the Grand March. After it Mrs. De Mun presents Mrs. Coalter and Caroline to them.*]

MRS. DE MUN: Monsieur et Madame. May I have the honor to present to you Mrs. Coalter?

CHOUTEAU: The honor is ours.

MRS. DE MUN: And Miss Coalter.

MADAME CHOUTEAU: Je suis enchantée.

MRS. DE MUN: Mrs. Coalter comes from South Carolina, Colonel Chouteau.

MADAME CHOUTEAU: Pour faire une visite, Madame?

MRS. COALTER: Permanently, I hope, Madame Chouteau.

[Turning to the Colonel.]

When one has made the trip here with five daughters, one does not wish to return.

CHOUTEAU: You have five daughters, Madame? Your service to the society of St. Louis is very great. So many Americans come—all men—few daughters—and none like yours.

[He bows, and Mrs. Coalter curtsseys. She and Caroline talk with Madame.]

Ah, ma chere Isabelle—the balls of today are not like those when I was young. The Americans! But if they were all like this new friend of yours. Do you not fear for your throne, my dear? Five such daughters!—

MRS. DE MUN: The musicians are waiting for a word from you, Colonel.

CHOUTEAU: To my duty—yes.

[He waves a hand to the musicians, and the couples take their places for the dance. In the next pause of the music, after the gavotte, David Barton, McNair and Bates, are seen on the balcony. Barton has dined well and when his voice becomes audible he is saying]

BARTON: I stopped for brother Joshua, but he wouldn't come. Couldn't make him come. And what do you think he was doing? You'd never guess. He was cleaning a pistol. Looked like two pistols to me—but that couldn't be. Couldn't be two—Must have been one pistol. I said to him, "Joshua, come along to the ball." He said to me, "David, I can't go to the ball—I have to be out before sunrise." "Joshua," I said to him, "the only way to do that is to go to the ball." That's reasonable, isn't it now? He wouldn't listen. Then I got suspicious. "Joshua," I said to him, "if you're going out with those—with that

pistol at sunrise, to make the sun stand still—give it up. You can't do it. When Joshua did it before he had the will of the Lord, and you've got nothing but a horse pistol."

BATES [*Taking him firmly by the arm*]: Barton, what do you mean? Is it a duel?

BARTON: Duel? He didn't mention a duel.

BATES: David! It must be Charles Lucas and Benton again. They're neither of them here. Nor Luke Lawless.

BARTON: [*sobered by the idea.*] You're right, Edward. I'm afraid you're right. Tom Benton—

BATES: Can nothing be done?

BARTON: If it's that, nothing.

BATES: There must be some way—Colonel Chouteau—
[*But the dance music is already in full swing. At the end of it, the Host approaches Chouteau.*]

THE HOST: Colonel Chouteau, the supper is ready.

CHOUTEAU: Thank you, landlord. Madame, sil vous plais.

[*He leads the company out. There is much chatter as they go, and the music diminishes. The lights in the ball room are dimmed. From the servants' quarters comes the sound of laughter, and the end of a song. The last light inside the building disappears. There is only the faint glow of moonlight and distant music—a strain of portent, rising and sinking again. Now the light increases, as with a cold and misty dawn. The Tavern hardly appears at all, the light rising slant-wise to a glow on the ground before the terrace. This glow discloses Benton, Luke Lawless, and Dr. Farrar, coming up from the river on the left. Dr. Farrar carries his surgical hand-bag; Lawless a pistol-box.*]

Almost immediately after, Charles Lucas, Joshua Barton, also with a pistol-box, and Dr. Quarles enter. Joshua Barton steps forward and shakes hands with Lawless, bowing to Benton. Lawless bows to Charles Lucas. The two surgeons nod to one another, and proceed to the preparation of their materials. Luke Lawless tosses a coin, Joshua Barton naming the fall. Lawless wins. The pistols are taken from Lawless' box and inspected by Joshua Barton, who makes a choice; of the two in Joshua Barton's box Lawless chooses one. The first two chosen are now handed to Benton and Charles Lucas. Lawless now paces the distance (ten paces), and the principals are stationed. Lawless and Barton take their stands, pistol in hand, facing each other across the line between Lucas and Benton.]

LAWLESS: Are you ready, gentlemen?

BENTON AND LUCAS: Ready.

LAWLESS: One—

[Benton and Lucas fire instantly. After the shot, Lucas spins half way 'round and falls, Dr. Quarles hurrying to his side. Benton, Lawless and Dr. Farrar stand still. Joshua Barton supports Charles Lucas, while the Doctor makes a hasty examination, tearing open his shirt. Dr. Farrar, after a keen look at Lucas, comes over and lays his hand on Benton's arm. Benton suddenly drops the empty pistol, presses his hands to his eyes with a convulsive movement. Then he runs over and flings himself on his knees before the wounded man.]

BENTON: Lucas—Lucas! For the love of God, forgive me.

CHARLES LUCAS: Colonel Benton—

[His words fail for a moment, but he makes a

gesture of denial. Benton rises to his feet. Lucas momentarily recovers breath.]

Colonel Benton—you have persecuted me—hounded me—murdered me. I will not, I cannot forgive you.

[Judge Lucas and Joseph Charless enter from the left. Joshua Barton stands up with a hopeless gesture; the Judge takes his place, supporting Charles on his arm.]

JUDGE LUCAS: Charles, my son.

CHARLES LUCAS: Father. It's growing dark. . . . Doctor, is it?

[Dr. Quarles nods his head gravely. There is a pause. Charles moves as if to rise, and they lift him a little. He speaks with a great effort.]

Colonel Benton. . . . I do—forgive you.

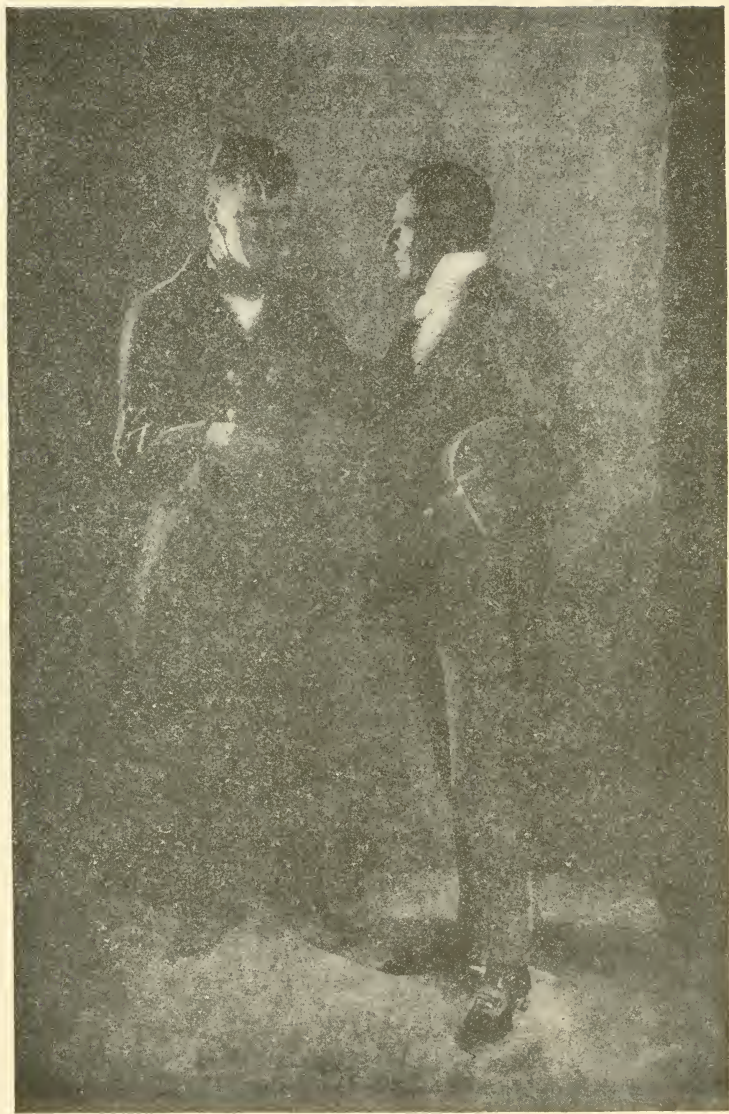
[His head falls on his father's arm. The old man's lips are on his forehead.

Then the Judge rises, gathering up his son's body in his arms, and stands so for a moment. Dr. Quarles helping him to support his burden.]

BENTON: Judge Lucas—you heard?

JUDGE LUCAS: Benton—I can never forgive you.

[With the limp body in his arms, the old man goes out the way he came. Darkness blots out the scene.]



"DAVID BARTON AND EDWARD BATES."

MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ACT ONE

SCENE II.

[It is late afternoon, and Manuel Lisa has just returned from the upper Missouri country with a stock of furs. His voyageurs, rough and sturdy Creoles, brown from long exposure on the rivers, are bringing up packs of pelts and storing them in the pelt room at the left of the Tavern. They sing as they work—an old Voyageur's Boat-song, the words in French.]

The packs are checked off by Lisa's clerk, and when the trader himself comes on, the Clerk gives him the tally sheet. Lisa pauses to examine it, his foot on the step. Joseph Charless comes in from the right.]

CHARLESS: Welcome, Mr. Lisa. Just back from the upper Missouri?

MANUEL LISA *[Speaking with a Spanish accent]*: Mr. Charless, Good Day. Yes, I am just landed.

CHARLESS: And the fur catch this season—is it prosperous?

LISA: Along the upper river, yes. Each year we must go farther for the trapping.

[The Host enters, standing in the Tavern door.]

THE HOST: Mr. Lisa—glad to see you again. You must have had a good season.

LISA: Good? Yes, fair. It is all as le bon Dieu wills—and his snows fall. Fair. And here? What has happened here? I am a long time on the river and I have hear nothing.

THE HOST: News. Well, the town's growing.

CHARLESS: You know of the Act of Congress—the Missouri Bill?

LISA: Yes, I have hear. Your Congress refused to make a State. Yes, I hear that—long 'go. But it will come.

CHARLESS: Ah, you haven't heard the real news. The compromise. Congress has passed the bill.

LISA: Passed the bill? Good. Slaves or no slaves?

CHARLESS: Slavery here in Missouri—but in the rest of the Louisiana purchase—West and North—no slaves.

LISA: So—that is the compromise?

THE HOST: That will be inconvenient for you, Mr. Lisa, on the upper river.

LISA: No. No difference to me. Not on the upper river. But I rejoice with you. It will be great for the country to belong to the States. I have always said so. And when shall we—how do you say—a state become?

CHARLESS: As soon as we have a Constitution.

LISA: Ah yes—the book of the law.

THE HOST: They're writing it here in my house. I hope they finish it soon.

LISA: Writing it?

CHARLESS: The Constitutional Convention. In session now. [*Enter Henry Dodge.*]

DODGE: Mr. Lisa, How?

LISA: How. What you do here, Henry Dodge?

DODGE: I wonder myself, Don Manuel. I'm a delegate.

LISA: A delegate—you, Henry Dodge?

CHARLESS: To the Convention, Mr. Lisa. Mr. Dodge is helping to write the laws.

LISA: It is wonderful, the way of a republic. What do you know about laws, Henry Dodge?

DODGE: Not much, Don Manuel. But I can see when they're not square, and then I stand up and pow-wow. And if they help to put the people on the land—to stay—then they're good. I can see that.

LISA: Yes. There is a use to you. I see now. And I must not forget. As I came down the river, the Osages were pitching their canoes. They will come to see you. They want to make talk to the Red Head, but they will talk to you.

DODGE: Good. Peaceful?

LISA: Yes. But the settlers—they are coming too far to the West. The Red Head is not here?

DODGE: No. They'd better talk to me—Governor Clark is still in Virginia.

CHARLESS:

[Seeing David Barton and Edward Bates, accompanied by Benton, approaching.]

Here are some more of your Convention makers.

LISA: All three?

CHARLESS: No. Bates and Barton—Barton's President. But not Benton. He's my esteemed contemporary.

LISA: Your—what you say?

CHARLESS: I mean he's an editor, like me—only worse. And a politician besides.

[Charless bows rather crustily and goes off. Dodge sits and whittles while Lisa talks with the newcomers.]

BARTON: Buenos dias, Don Manuel. So the hidalgo of the Omahas has returned.

LISA: Yes, Mr. David. I come home.

BARTON: All peaceful in your household up the rivers?

LISA: Oh, yes. No mischief there—like what you make here. I hear you write the Constitution. Why do that?

BARTON: I'm doing it to look after your rights, Don Manuel.

LISA: Yes, I hear you make law for slaves in Missouri?

BENTON: Well, Mr. Lisa, the people want it that way.

LISA: Maybe so.

BENTON: [*Indicating Lisa's Voyageurs.*]

You need them in your business, don't you, Mr. Lisa?

LISA: Me. No. You see those boatmen—my voyageurs? They work the cordelle—all day—all night. They cut tree, make trail, carry bundle pelt. They fight, when I say. And they eat—what I give them. I pay these boy ten dollar month. Where I get slave to do that for eight hundred dollar? You tell me that? And if I get him, will he last me eighty month? No. Not important—your law 'bout slaves. No. And this Constitution you write—what good that do?

BENTON: You don't understand, Mr. Lisa. A state must have an organic law.

LISA: Not important. The best was the old way—Spanish way. Then we have Governor. Everybody good—peaceful—happy. No trouble. And in the whole Territory, ah you mischief makers—in the whole territory not one lawyer. Aha!

[*Don Manuel, having delivered this parting shot, bows gaily and goes into the Tavern.*]

DODGE: Smart fellow, Lisa.

[*He drops his whittling and follows Lisa in.*]

BENTON: Tell me, David—is there any convention news for my paper?

BARTON: There will be tonight.

BENTON: You mean you will finish it tonight?

BARTON: If Edward Bates and his committee on Style gets through.

BATES: We'll finish. If the political delegates can spare time from the pursuit of offices that don't yet exist, we may get a vote tonight.

BENTON: What offices?

BARTON: There's a Governor to be elected.

BENTON: My aspirations do not range so high.

BARTON: Alec McNair's do.

BENTON: Yes, I know.

BATES: And two Senators.

BENTON: That's more to my taste.

BARTON: We'll arrange it for you. Come along, Edward.

[*As they go in, Isaac Henry comes on, evidently looking for Benton.*]

ISAAC HENRY: Well, Benton, I saw you talking with Mr. Barton. Any news for me?

BENTON: There will be tonight, they say. I'll write it myself, Mr. Henry. It's very important.

HENRY: That's not the news I mean, Benton. I want to know—does the Enquirer get the printing of the Constitution?

BENTON: Mr. Henry, as editor of the Enquirer, it is not my duty to solicit my friends for mere job printing.

HENRY: Well, I'm not running the paper just to let you flourish your pen. If old Charless of the Gazette gets that job—

[Enter McNair.]

MC NAIR [*Expansively*]:

Ah, Mr. Benton—Mr. Henry. I take it I'm addressing the Enquirer—the only real press power in Missouri.

[*Benton bows; Henry merely waits.*]

You may have heard of my candidacy for the Governorship, gentlemen. Naturally, I want your support.

BENTON: We've heard of your candidacy, Mr. McNair, but we've heard nothing of your principles.

MC NAIR: My principles? I'm for the sovereignty of the State—for no interference from Congress—no restrictions on our Constitution. I'm against—

HENRY: Yes, we understand. You're against horse stealing and the Missouri Gazette.

MC NAIR: Mr. Henry—

HENRY: No good telling us your principles, McNair. What you want is a neat card in the Enquirer to tell everybody. I'll attend to it for you, on a very moderate charge.

MC NAIR: Perhaps you're right, Mr. Henry.

HENRY: Of course I am. Now another thing, McNair. I don't care a damn who's Governor, so long as the Enquirer gets the printing of the Constitution. You're a delegate. Verbum sap.

MC NAIR: I can't follow your Latin, but I'm sure you mean it right. [*He shakes hands with Henry.*]

Yours to command (*to Benton*) and yours.

[*Mr. Charless enters, right, with Judge Lucas. Charless stops on seeing McNair with the others.*]

CHARLESS: You see, Judge. They are already dividing the loaves and fishes.

JUDGE LUCAS: Convention may vote tonight. Constitution—offices. Offices—men like those.

[McNair comes over genially.]

MC NAIR: Judge Lucas—Mr. Charless. Glad to see you both. You may have heard of my candidacy for Governor.

CHARLESS, *[sarcastically]*: I have heard your friends were urging you to become a candidate—

MC NAIR: Nothing of the sort. I'm urging my friends to work for me. It's my affair, not my friends.

JUDGE LUCAS: Good. The less your friends have to do with it the better.

[He indicates Benton and Henry with his cane.]

MC NAIR: My principles—

JUDGE LUCAS: Never mind. My principles—always to fight the slave trade—and the Spanish grants—and that man yonder. At any sacrifice. Now if you want my support—

MC NAIR: I understand, Judge Lucas. I have the greatest respect—

JUDGE LUCAS: You're a delegate in the Convention. I'm judging by what you do there. Governor? Wait 'till there's a State to govern.

CHARLESS: My advice to you, Mr. McNair, is that you make terms with the secret caucus of reprobate lawyers among the delegates. You know who they are. They've already planned the division of the spoils. If you're on their slate for Governor, they may elect you. If you're not, I'll support you. Good morning.

*[Charless and Judge Lucas turn and go out.
McNair turns back to Henry and Benton.]*

HENRY: Come along, Mr. McNair, and we'll arrange for your card to the public.

[He takes McNair off right, Benton, going into the tavern, passes Bates coming out with Mrs. Coalter, Caroline and Julia.]

MRS. COALTER: I begin to see, Mr. Bates. Of course, we in Carolina have always known that Congress will always put down the South when it can. I don't know what the country would have come to by this time if it weren't for Mr. Randolph and Mr. Calhoun. But in this case—what can the Yankees do?

BATES: They can refuse to admit the State.

MRS. COALTER: Absurd. Just on account of a few no-account slaves? They wouldn't dare.

BATES: One Congress has already refused. And but for the Compromise—

JULIA COALTER: Mr. Bates—what do you mean by the Compromise? Won't you please explain—

[Caroline moves away a little and stands apart.]

BATES: I should be glad to, Miss Julia. The Compromise is an act of Congress, enabling Missouri to organize as a State with slavery. This is according to the Treaty with France, when the territory was ceded. But the land to the West and North must never hold slaves.

JULIA: But 'way out there—there won't be anybody for ages and ages, will there?

BATES: Perhaps sooner than we think.

JULIA: Well I'm glad I understand it, aren't you, Caroline?

CAROLINE: I'm afraid I have no head for politics.

[Hamilton Gamble approaches along the terrace. Bates moves to greet him. Gamble stops and bows]

to Mrs. Coalter and Caroline. Mrs. Coalter barely inclines her head. Caroline looks straight before her.]

MRS. COALTER: Thank you so much, Mr. Bates. Caroline. Julia.

[She gathers up her daughters and sweeps up the steps into the door. Caroline casts a look behind her, but neither of the young men observe it.]

GAMBLE: Bates—you lucky devil!

BATES: What do you mean, Gamble?

GAMBLE: Well, you're lucky, and I'm—what I am, I suppose. She—she couldn't see anything in me. But I did think, once—

BATES: One moment, Gamble. Miss Caroline has no interest in me—except as a friend. She never has had.

GAMBLE: Are you telling me the truth?

BATES: Gamble!

GAMBLE: Don't be a fool. If you knew what it means to me—

BATES: Tell me, do you love her, seriously?

GAMBLE: Yes, I do. On my life, I do, Bates.

BATES: I believe you. And I'm going to tell you a thing or two, Gamble. First, you've better things in you than you've ever shown. I'm not going to preach to you. But you've only to turn over a leaf . . . to find her.

GAMBLE: No, did you see her just now? No use.

BATES: You're wrong. Quit drink. Leave cards. Take hold of yourself, and she's yours.

GAMBLE: What makes you think so?

BATES: She as good as told me so.

GAMBLE: I can't believe it—she wouldn't—

BATES: I may have forced her hand. I was insisting, at the time, that she marry me.

GAMBLE: And you're telling me this?

BATES: She said I might continue her friend. Yes, I'm telling you.

GAMBLE: Bates—you're—you're a—

BATES: Never mind. The question is—

GAMBLE: Have I anything of a man left in me? That's the question. Well, I won't promise anything impossible, but tonight I turn the leaf. Turn it for good. Edward Bates,—God bless you.

[Gamble shakes Bates by the hand, turns, throws up his head, and goes out, a new light in his eyes. David Barton comes out of the Tavern.]

BARTON: Well, Edward? Dreaming? What have you been doing?

BATES: I've just put an end to a dream—and planted a seed . . . David, is there such a thing as lasting friendship—the sort one imagines—the sort that goes through fire?

BARTON: Yes, Edward. But not in politics.

[Kibbie is seen passing on his way to the stables. Mandy comes out of the servant's doorway and her voice is lifted after Kibbie.]

MANDY: Kibbie—you, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: *[stopping]*: Yes, Mandy.

MANDY: Now look you come straight home after you get them horses shod.

KIBBIE: Yes, Mandy.

MANDY: And look you don't go pitching fo' pennies with them lazy hounds hanging around the blacksmith shop.

KIBBIE: No, Mandy.

MANDY: Mind now. I know just how much money you got in your jeans. I got my eye on you.

KIBBIE: Yes, Mandy. Can I go now?

MANDY: Yes, and hurry back. I's going to need help with them chickens.

KIBBIE: Yes, Mandy.

[Kibbie starts to go, and Mandy disappears through the door.]

BARTON: Kibbie.

KIBBIE: Yes, Mr. Barton.

BARTON: I though you were a free man, Kibbie.

KIBBIE *[smiling broadly]*: I used to be, Mr. Barton. Yes, sir, I used to be. *[Kibbie goes out.]*

[McFerron comes from the tavern, followed by John Scott, who is protesting to him.]

SCOTT: For God's sake, McFerron, don't do anything to obstruct the Convention now.

MC FERRON: And why not now? Tomorrow will be too late.

SCOTT: There's enough trouble in the Constitution. I'll have to fight my way into Congress with it, as it is.

MC FERRON: David Barton, if you're sober, listen to me. I'm hearing you're for forcing a vote on the adoption of the Constitution to-night. Is that true?

BARTON: McFerron, I am sober. I am always sober when Court's in session. But if this Convention lasts much longer, I shall be breaking the rule of a lifetime. It is true that I'm for a vote of adoption to-night.

MC FERRON: Well, before you do it, I must inform you that the document you propose to adopt has in it one evil and nefarious provision, and if it's not changed, I will exert all my power to defeat it.

BARTON: And what is the nefarious provision, McFerron?

MC FERRON: It concerns the qualifications for the Governor. I'll not discuss it with you now. But I give you fair warning.

BARTON: Have you registered your opinion with the Committee?

MC FERRON: I have.

BARTON: I foresee a bloody battle between you and the majority.

MC FERRON: I have told you what you may expect. You'll hear from me in the Convention.

[McFerron goes into the Tavern. Members of the Convention come in by twos and threes, arguing among themselves. The sun has set and it is twilight.]

BARTON: Is McFerron a candidate for Governor?

SCOTT: Doesn't he control the solid Irish vote of Cape Girardeau County?

[Benton comes out of the Tavern and joins Barton.]

BENTON: David, I've just had word from Governor Clark. He is willing to be a Candidate for Governor. We should revise our slate.

[Enter Charless, who stops to talk with Pierre Chouteau, among the delegates.]

SCOTT: Will the Governor be here for the campaign?

BENTON: No.

[McNair, entering, stops to speak with Chouteau and Charless.]

BARTON: He can't be elected then. Anyway, McNair's all right.

BENTON: I'm not so sure.

CHARLESS: I've told you my condition, Mr. McNair. There are your men, up yonder.

[He indicates Barton's group.]

MC NAIR: Do you stand by your statement, Mr. Charless?

CHARLESS: I do.

MC NAIR: Then I'll soon find out.

[He steps forward and calls to Barton.]

Mr. Barton—and you other gentlemen. I've been told that you represent a secret caucus, that has made a slate of the state officers to be elected. I am not a member of this caucus. I don't know whether it exists or not. I stand in the open, and I ask you: Is there such a caucus?

BARTON: Is it a secret caucus you're asking about—here, and now? And if there is one, do you expect an answer?

MC NAIR: I have my answer. And next, are you for me or against me?

BARTON: McNair—'till a minute ago, I was for you.

MC NAIR: Now I know where I stand with the lawyers. Mr. Charless, I put the same question to you.

CHARLESS: Mr. McNair, you are a delegate to this Convention. Have you done anything in it, except vote?

MC NAIR: Mr. Charless, I still have hopes with you, because of the men who are against me. Now I give you all notice. I stand in the open. I've told you what I want. You ask me about the Convention. That's work for lawyers—and God knows there are enough of them at it. I'm a man of action. And it's a man of action that will be needed for the first Governor of Missouri. I don't

care whether I have your support or not—nor yours. I am going straight to the people.

BARTON: McNair—that's the best speech I ever heard you make.

MC NAIR: Come along now, Barton. Let's get to the business of the Convention.

BARTON: Again—I'm with you.

[Barton, followed by the others go into the Tavern. Judge Lucas enters. He addresses Charless, but speaking half to himself.]

JUDGE LUCAS: So. It comes to an end. They vote—not thinking. No beat of the future. No restriction of slavery . . .

CHARLESS: I have seen the slavery provisions. They are humane. They are what the majority of the people want.

JUDGE LUCAS:

[The twilight is now almost gone, and the Judge is standing under the doorway light.]

The majority. Writing the organic law. The majority's word. To me it seems blind. People we need—settlers. Men to break new land. Women to comrade men. They come from the South. Bring slaves. The door must not be closed. Charless—there's more to it than this. More than policy. More than anger. God knows . . .

[In the gloom along the terraces, people gather, quietly waiting. The lights in the room above are lighted, and the Convention is disclosed in session. David Barton is in the chair. William G. Pettus, diligently taking notes of the proceedings, is seated beside him. Edward Bates is just concluding his report as Chairman of the Committee on Final Revision, or Style.]

BATES: This, Mr. Chairman and members of the Convention, is the report of my Committee. You have labored faithfully in the fashioning of this instrument of Government. We have endeavored to give it final form in accord with your intent. We find the Territory under three systems of law—French, Spanish and the English common law. This is the first step to make it one and organic. A state is not created in a day. There must be a time of transition, when the old disorder gradually gives way to the new order. For this you have provided the part of the instrument called the *Schedule*, applying to the problems of the days of change. And before you face the great duty of this night, you should, in the opinion of this Committee, vote finally upon the Schedule.

BARTON: If no one objects, the report of the Committee stands accepted. A vote upon the Schedule is in order. The text is before you.

MC NAIR: Mr. Chairman, I move the Schedule be adopted.

[There are shouts of "second—second." Mr. Pettus strives to note the names of the seconds.]

MC FERRON: I object.

BARTON: The chair rules the objection is out of order.

MC FERRON [*Sotto voce*]: I'm always out of order.

BARTON [*Also sotto voce*]: Right for once.

[Shouts of "Question—Question."]

Those in favor of the adoption of the part of this Constitution following Article Thirteen, but not a part of it, entitled Schedule, signify by saying Aye.

[An almost unanimous affirmative vote.]

Contrary?

MC FERRON: No. And I demand the right to state my

reason, and that my statement be made a part of the record.

BARTON: The gentleman from Cape Girardeau County rises on a point of privilege.

[*Shouts of "Let him talk"—"McFerron" "Erin-go-bragh."*]

Mr. McFerron.

MC FERRON: I read in the draft before me that the Governor to be elected must have been a citizen native born, or a citizen of Louisiana at the time of the session, fourteen years ago. I find no provision for the temporary lifting of this bar to legitimate ambition. The provision is a work of tyranny. The lack of a section temporarily setting it aside, is a nefarious device to defeat the will of the people. I myself came into this Territory after the session—

[*His voice is momentarily drowned in the laughter of the delegates.*]

Aye, ye may laugh, ye contrivin' spalpeens—

[*Barton's gavel falls. There is a moment of silence.*]

BARTON: The Chair rules that the objection of the gentleman from Cape Girardeau shall be entered in the record as far as the words "defeat the will of the people."

MC FERRON [*Sotto voce*]: Aye—dom ye—leave out the best part of it. [*McFerron sits down.*]

BARTON: Gentlemen of the Convention, the Constitution is before you.

JOHN SCOTT [*Rising*]: Mr. Chairman.

BARTON: Mr. Scott.

SCOTT: I read in this Constitution, in the twenty-sixth section of the Third Article, that it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass laws, to prevent free negroes





"JUDGE JOHN B. C. LUCAS."

and mulattoes from coming to, and settling in, this state, under any pretext whatsoever.

*[There is a growl of protest from the members—
“We’ve voted that before”—“Question.” Barton’s
gavel falls sharply.]*

I am one with you in the heat of my resentment against those forces which, in the Congress of the United States, have blocked and delayed the purposes of this Convention—the alien hand that has been laid like iron upon the will of our people. It has been my duty to act as your delegate in that Congress; to listen to the arguments of those men who, representing the East and North, have thwarted and forbidden us. We have won through struggle and compromise the right to sit here. We have written our organic law in accordance with the expressed wish of our fellow citizens. We have legalized the holding of slaves.

[A murmur of dissatisfaction from the delegates.]

And Congress has accepted this, under the condition of the Compromise. But the Federal Constitution provides that no State may forbid its borders to any citizen of another state. And of many, free negroes are citizens. Heretofore we have asked nothing inconsistent with the Constitution and the Treaty of Cession. But here we strike a new blow at the prejudices of our enemies. They will strike back. It will be my duty to present to Congress the instrument we adopt tonight. I accept the charge, but with dread of what must come of it, if this clause remains unchanged.

[He takes his seat. There is a pause, and Henry Dodge rises.]

DODGE: Mr. Chairman, we have voted this clause because our people have wished it. It will be opposed in Congress. Some of us, in our hearts, oppose it. Some of us are unlearned in the law. We see before us a leap into the

night. Mr. Chairman, when we have taken the leap, where do we find ourselves, when morning comes?

MC NAIR: [*not addressing the Chair*]: Let's make the leap. What can Congress do, after we're a State?

BARTON: [*Stepping aside and motioning Bates to chair.*] Mr. Chairman, and members of the Convention: It is not merely a question of law that confronts us, but one of far-entangled political forces. We have been elected to do the will of the men of Missouri. We are false to our trust if we betray their commands. They bid us form a State, Congress has agreed, and the conditions they have made rest not upon us, but upon future Congresses. We have been given our orders. We must obey. But that obedience will surely bring upon our people a new struggle, for which they have small patience—the struggle, not for Statehood, but for Admission to the Union. This is the contingency we must face: Missouri now by our act a sovereign state, cut off from territorial dependencies and territorial privileges, submitting her basic law to the Union, confident of her rights to her place in the starry league—Missouri in that hour affronted and rejected. Foresee the hour. Take counsel. Under your conscience and in your hands is the issue. For if we erect a State inadmissible to the Union—we stand alone—our laws contemned, our borders unguarded, our future in the ken of God alone.

[*In a silence, Barton resumes the Chair.*]

MC NAIR: Mr. Chairman, we have heard the warning. We know our orders from the people of Missouri. It is not in this one clause that there is danger, but in all. Let us come to the vote.

BARTON: To adopt the instrument before you as the Constitution of Missouri, and by that act to erect and proclaim the State—those in favor?

[*A deep chorus of "Ayes."*]

Contrary? [*A silence.*]

It is so ordered.

[*The delegates rise and stand for a moment with bowed heads. Then they break up into groups, and McNair, going onto the balcony, calls out to someone below.*]

MC NAIR: It's done.

[*Instantly the crowd below breaks into a cheer. Others come on with lanterns. The shouting continues for a moment, and Barton, the new constitution in his hand, comes out on the balcony. Beside him Pettus holds a candelabrum caught up from behind the Secretary's desk. Barton holds up his hand for silence, and begins to read.*]

BARTON: We, the people of Missouri. by our representatives in convention assembled at St. Louis, on Monday, the 12th day of June, 1820, do mutually agree to form and establish a free and independent republic by the name of the State of Missouri.

[*Cheers. The lights begin to fade.*]

and for the government thereof do ordain and establish this constitution.

[*It is now dark. The stage has vanished. And the crash of a triumphant march supersedes his voice.*]

MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ACT TWO

Scene 1.

[The time is a few months later, in the autumn of 1820. The first legislature elected under the new Constitution is in session; and the election of the State's first Senators is the order of the day.

Before the Tavern is a considerable crowd, politicians, and citizens—of whom almost every man is potentially a politician. They are discussing the coming election and the location of the permanent Capital.

They talk in groups, and certain ones move from group to group restlessly. The front of the Tavern is prepared for the occasion. There are benches and a few rough chairs on the terrace, and two or three small tables. In the talk of the crowd, one catches words now and then.]

VOICES IN THE CROWD:

Barton will be one.

St. Charles.

Judge Lucas has just a fightin' chance.

Benton—no!

It's the damned high salary Constitution.

Of course Sainte Genevieve is the oldest.

Potosi.

Why, in St. Charles they offer a building for the Legislature free!

Franklin.

Boonville—No.

They'll never get Alec McNair to Franklin.

Depends who owns the lots.

Well, they tell me Chouteau's in it.

St. Charles.

No doubt about John Scott.

Oh Congress—Hell!

Yes, Dave Barton—and Rice Jones—

It's only a temporary capitol anyhow.

Franklin—the river's in the cellars there now.

Here he is—He's coming.

He's a man, Alec McNair.

The Governor—the Governor!

[McNair, now Governor, with Lieutenant-Governor Ashley, and his staff, enters from the right. The crowd cheers and lets them pass. Two or three persistent individuals follow along and try to get speech with McNair. He shakes them off, genially enough, and stops on the steps of the Tavern.]

MC NAIR: There, boys, be quiet. I know what you want—and you—and you. And I tell you all—No.

CITIZENS: Oh, come now Alec—.... We want to know where you stand on this State Capitol question..... St. Charles offers a building free..... Governor, you know who carried Howard County for you.....

MC NAIR: Boys, it's no good pestering me. The Legislature will settle where the Capitol's to be located. And this is a mighty important day for the State. It's no time for log-rolling. They're going to elect our Senators to-day, and the less you all have to say about it the better.

JOHN SMITH T: Come now, Governor, ain't we all citizens?

MC NAIR: A few of you are—but most of you are Candidates.

[McNair and his staff go into the Tavern. John Smith T seats himself at a small table on the terrace. The men in the neighborhood sheer away from him. He catches the eye of Kibbie, who is passing, and holds up one finger. Kibbie stops.]

JOHN SCOTT: Kibbie, will you tell the landlord that Colonel John Smith T is sitting just here, and that he has nothing to drink?

KIBBIE: Yes sir, Colonel. I'll tell him.

[Kibbie goes into the Tavern. John Scott comes along the Terrace. He is greeted with enthusiasm by the citizens, a number of whom insist on shaking hands with him. John Smith T even rises to greet him.]

JOHN SMITH T: Well—John Scott, I'm truly glad to see you. I must thank you for what you did for me in that little matter down at Sainte Genevieve.

JOHN SCOTT: I couldn't wait for the verdict, Colonel, but it must have been for us, or you wouldn't be here.

JOHN SMITH T: Well of course I did shoot the man, but after your able speech, the jury understood the matter thoroughly, and they acquitted me, sir, without argument.

JOHN SCOTT: That's what I told them to do.

[The Host appears with a servant who carries a tray with two glasses.]

HOST: Colonel, you didn't say which you wanted, but I knew you didn't want to be kept waiting, so I brought you a toddy and a julep. Which shall it be?

JOHN SMITH T: God bless me, what a question!

[The servant with the glasses tries to get behind the Host.]

Put'em both down. Don't you see you're keeping me waiting now.

[*The servant puts both glasses on the table, and goes out, following the Host.*]

Mr. Scott—which'll you have?

JOHN SCOTT: After you, Colonel.

[*Edward Bates comes over to speak to Scott, and John Smith T addresses him.*]

JOHN SMITH T: Mr. Bates, I'm informed that you are starting a Temperance Society here.

BATES: Yes, Colonel.

JOHN SMITH T: Well, before you do it, I want you to take a drink with me.

BATES: Why, Colonel Smith, I never took a drink in my life.

JOHN SMITH T: [*Drawing a pistol,*] No? And if you don't take this one, you never will.

[*Scott steps out of the line of fire. Bates resists as long as he can, but John Smith T's eye is implacable. Bates drinks, and escapes into the Tavern.*]

[*Scott sits down as David Barton comes out on the doorstep. He is immediately greeted with cheers, and shouts of "Barton—Barton for Senator."*]

JOHN SMITH T: What are ye doing out here, David? Thought you'd be 'lectioneering 'bout now.

BARTON: There's nobody in there but legislators. I came out because I got lonesome.

A CITIZEN: You'll be a Senator tonight, Barton.

BARTON: I hope you're right, my friend—but you can't tell—with those fellows in there.

JOHN SMITH T: You'll manage it, David. I hear you wrote a Constitution for the State, just so you could understand the law. Up and coming—I call it.

BARTON: Slander, Colonel, slander. when did you hear of my losing a case under the French or Spanish practice? You may hear anything about me—I've got so damn many friends.

JOHN SCOTT: Well, you'll need them all, David, tonight when the senatorship vote comes on.

BARTON: Quite right, John. And yet every sensible man in Missouri agrees I ought to go to the Senate.

A CITIZEN: There's no doubt about your election, David. It's the second senatorship they'll fight about.

[Charless and Judge Lucas enter, with Leduc.]

JOHN SMITH T: *[indicating the new arrivals.]*: How about these gentlemen, David? Aren't they sensible men?

BARTON: I'll tell you how you can find out, Colonel. Ask them a question. Put it to Mr. Charless and Judge Lucas and Mr. Leduc—put it to them: Gentlemen, is there in the State of Missouri one man who by his capacity, integrity, and gifts of speech and person, is as well fitted to represent the State in the Senate of the United States as David Barton?

JOHN SMITH T: Well gentlemen, you've heard David's question.

[The crowd by this time has ceased all argument and is listening intently to Barton's question.]

JUDGE LUCAS: Heard it?—yes.

JOHN SMITH T: Decline to answer, eh? And you, Mr. Charless? How does the Gazette stand?

CHARLESS: If it weren't for your caucus of scalawag lawyers, Barton—and for your profligate private life,—I'd endorse your election heartily. As it is, clever as you are, I wouldn't vote for you for any office whatever.

BARTON: God bless me! Not even for the Legislature?

LEDUC: You may regret so light speaking of the Legislature, M'sieu' Barton.

CHARLESS: You are not helping your chances, Barton.

BARTON: I'm not hurting them, Mr. Charless. M'sieu' Leduc knows me. I may have mentioned my superior attainments too openly. But I haven't set myself against the intelligent gentlemen of the so-called caucus, and I haven't burned my fingers on the slavery restriction question. As for my private life—it's a private matter; Washington is a long way off; and you'll always find me sober in my seat in the Senate Chamber.

JOHN SMITH T [*Chuckling*]: Aye, that's where they'll find you—sober or not.

CHARLESS: I believe you, Barton. And whom have you and your caucus decided to seat with you?

BARTON [*Suddenly serious*]: Thomas Hart Benton.

JUDGE LUCAS: Never!

BARTON: Your son forgave him, Judge Lucas.

CHARLESS: A man crimsoned with blood—deliberate—calculating—

JOHN SMITH T: A leetle more careful, Mr. Charless—

LEDUC: An assassin!

JOHN SMITH T: 'Pears to me you gentlemen are using pretty strong language, considering he never shot but one man.

JUDGE LUCAS: One man. My son. . . . And besides, his position on slavery—no restriction. He will put back the hour when we are clean of it. And the Spanish grants—an advocate for them in the Senate Chamber!

[*Leduc moves uneasily.*]

BARTON: He will be elected—tonight.

JUDGE LUCAS: He will never be elected.

[Judge Lucas and Charless go on. Leduc hesitates, and then follows them off.]

JOHN SMITH T *[musing]*: Fine old man, Judge Lucas. Upstanding man. Too upstanding. I often wish Tom Benton had shot him instead of Charles.

JOHN SCOTT: Well, thank you, Colonel. I'll be going.

JOHN SMITH T: Goodbye, John.

[Scott joins Barton and goes into the Tavern. John T looks after him, and speaks, again musingly.]

JOHN SMITH T: Good lad, John Scott. Great ability. Wonder what the devil he'll do for a living when he gets out of office.

[From the right come a small group, tattered, weary and desperate. A Pioneer Mother and her children; with her, their Grandmother. She comes to the terrace step, looks up, and they all, rather painfully, mount the steps. Seeing John Smith T, she addresses him.]

THE MOTHER: They told me the Governor was here. Mought you know where I can find him?

JOHN SMITH T *[Rising courteously]*: Yes Ma'm. I saw Governor McNair come in, just a moment ago.

THE MOTHER: McNair. That's not the name. Clark, they told me.

JOHN SMITH T: It's Alec McNair's Governor now.

THE MOTHER: I'll talk to him, then.

[She starts to go in, but the old Grandmother stops on the step.]

THE GRANDMOTHER: Wait a bit, Jinny. Just a breath.
[The old woman sinks down. The Mother comes

down to her anxiously. John Smith T moves up toward the door.]

THE MOTHER: Cain't ye keep up just a mite longer, ma? We're 'most there.

JOHN SMITH T: I'll find the Governor for ye.

THE MOTHER: Be ye swound agin, ma?

JOHN SMITH T: Better get the landlord's wife first.

[*He goes in. The smallest child cries.*]

THE MOTHER: There, honey. Be still. Injuns.

[*The child stops crying.*]

THE GRANDMOTHER: How kin ye, Jinny?

THE MOTHER: What's the odds, ma? There's no good their crying now.

[*The Hostess comes out, bringing a generous pitcher of milk and a cup. She gives the Grandmother a drink; then the children, who crowd around her thirstily. John T follows her out.*]

THE HOSTESS: You've come a long ways. Tired, aren't you?

THE MOTHER [*In a dull, level voice*]: Yes, we've come a long ways. We've got to see the Governor. We've come from up beyond Westport Landing.

JOHN SMITH T: What's that—way from the Platte country. How'd ye come?

THE MOTHER: Walked. 'Cept from the Femme Osage down to Franklin. They took us on a keel boat that fur.

THE GRANDMOTHER: Might 'a been another boat, but Jinny, she couldn't wait.

THE MOTHER: No, I couldn't wait. I've got to see the Governor. They killed my man. They—killed him—

[*She rises impetuously.*]

THE HOSTESS: There, sister—sit down now. Drink this.

THE MOTHER: You're mighty good to me. No. I don't want it.

JOHN SMITH T: What were you doing way up there in the Platte country? No settlements there.

THE MOTHER: There's folks thar. And more comin'. My man went thar for the good clay.

THE HOSTESS: Clay?

THE MOTHER: Yes—for dishes. He was a potter, my man was. Never believed bad about nobody—not even Injuns. First it was New Madrid. Then the earthquake come. Then it was Chariton. We had a wagon then, and a team—a good team.

THE GRANDMOTHER: That was the trouble—the team. When he got the hosses, he wanted to go on.

THE MOTHER: He'd a' gone on any way.

THE GRANDMOTHER: Pretty place it was—all open. And we had a cabin started.

THE MOTHER: Yes, it was open. Right down to the river. My man was digging for clay on the bank. I heard the shots—three shots.

THE GRANDMOTHER: Then was when I barred the cabin windows. The children inside.

THE MOTHER: I waited as long as I could. Then I went out—toward the river bank. They come for me. Then my man—they run when they seen him. He come up over the bank. All clay his hands were—clay and blood. They'd scalped him. He staggered like he was drunk. It was the blood running down into his eyes....ye see—I got to see the Governor.

THE HOSTESS: Come in, sister. The Governor's here.

JOHN SMITH T: Bless ye, ma'am—I don't see what he can do.

THE MOTHER: My man said I was to see him. He can go after the Injuns. And he can give me a claim to work, me and these children.

[*Leduc returns, accompanied by Pierre Chouteau and Bernard Pratte.*]

CHOUTEAU: It is not a question of your private feelings, my friend, but of the public interest.

LEDUC: I cannot put my feelings aside so far.

PRATTE: You agree to vote for Barton? Yes.

LEDUC: I will vote for Barton, but for Benton—never.

CHOUTEAU: We understand that you disapprove of the duel. But many men have fought. It is nothing against him in politics—

LEDUC: I understand what you think. But for an assassin. For him I cannot vote. Not ever.

[*Leduc goes into the Tavern. The others shrug their shoulders, looking after him. Barton comes out, and approaches Chouteau.*]

BARTON: Well, Major Chouteau, have you talked with M'sieu' Leduc.

CHOUTEAU: Yes, Mr. Barton. He will vote for you. But for Benton—no.

BARTON: We must try again.

CHOUTEAU: I'm afraid we can never persuade him. Why not talk to some of the others?

BARTON: Major, we have canvassed every man in the Legislature. I'm safe, but we can muster only twenty-six votes for Benton. He must have twenty-seven to elect him. There is not one more approachable man—we must have Leduc.

PRATTE—I'm afraid it's no use, Mr. Barton.

[*Dr. Quarles comes out of the Tavern and goes directly to Barton.*]

DR. QUARLES: Barton—I've just come from seeing that poor fellow from up in Pike.

BARTON: Oh yes, Doctor. Daniel Ralls. Heard he wasn't well.

DR. QUARLES: Sinking fast. Asked me to tell you—personally—he wants to vote. That seems to be his only idea—wants to vote for you and Benton. But if he doesn't do it soon—he can never do it.

BARTON: What do you mean, Doctor Quarles?

DR. QUARLES: The man's dying. Didn't you know?

BARTON: Good Lord, no. Poor fellow.

DR. QUARLES: Might as well humor him. If you can get them on with this election—all he wants is to vote.

BARTON: How long can he be kept alive?

DR. QUARLES: May live 'till morning. May not. I've done what little I could.

[*Dr. Quarles stops to speak to John Smith T and then goes off.*]

BARTON [*To Pratte*]: Find John Scott for me—not a moment to lose. And you, Mr. Chouteau—can you locate Mr. Leduc? I'll try what I can do.

[*Pratte goes into the Tavern, Chouteau off after Leduc.*]

JOHN SMITH T: What's up, David? I never saw those two in a hurry before.

BARTON: That poor fellow from Pike—Daniel Ralls. Wants to vote. And we don't want to disappoint him.

[*John Scott and Bates come out, looking for Barton.*]

JOHN SCOTT: What is it, David?

BARTON: Ralls is dying. He's one of our twenty-six for Benton. He wants to vote. Can you get them to rush the election?

SCOTT: Yes—but what's the use?

BATES: We have only twenty-six for Benton, counting Ralls. We can't elect him.

BARTON: Do what you can to hasten the vote. Leave the rest to me.

BATES: Shall I bring Benton?

BARTON: No.

[Chouteau enters with Leduc. Barton goes to him immediately. The others return to the Tavern.]

CHOUTEAU: M'sieu' Leduc consents to speak with you, Mr. Barton. But he assures me he cannot change his vote.

BARTON: M'sieu' Leduc, you have some confidence in me. You know I will be elected to the Senate tonight.

LEDUC: Yes. I know that, M'sieu' Barton.

BARTON: You will vote for me?

LEDUC: Yes.

BARTON: And yet you will by your other vote tonight destroy all the power you give me. Cancel my vote in the Senate. Is this fair? Is this wise?

LEDUC: I do not understand. I destroy nothing.

BARTON: Yes—you do. You will vote for Judge Lucas?

LEDUC: No. I will vote for Rice Jones.

BARTON: He cannot be elected. I know. In the end it will be Judge Lucas. I have a great respect for Judge Lucas, but I should never agree with him. It will mean that he and I will sit in the Senate, voting against each

other. And Missouri will be without voice or vote. You, M'sieu' Leduc, are destroying not only me—but the authority of the State.

LEDUC: What can I do?

BARTON: You know—vote for Benton.

LEDUC: I cannot bring myself to do that, M'sieu' Barton.

BARTON: Can you not lay aside personal feeling so far?

LEDUC: No.

BARTON: I can. I can even lay aside my personal opinion so far as to vote with Judge Lucas. And when the two of us vote together—perhaps when the Spanish grants come up in Congress—I say no more. . . . Only to you, and to Messieurs Chouteau and Pratte as well, I say—it is Benton or Judge Lucas.

LEDUC: Mon Dieu—what shall I say?

[Barton steps away. Chouteau and Pratte close in on Leduc. Benton enters. Barton sees him, and goes over to him, detaining him with his hand while watching Leduc. Chouteau and Pratte press their point in anxious whispers. Leduc gives way—offering them his hand; the three go into the Tavern. Night is coming on.]

BARTON: It's all right, Tom. There goes our man.

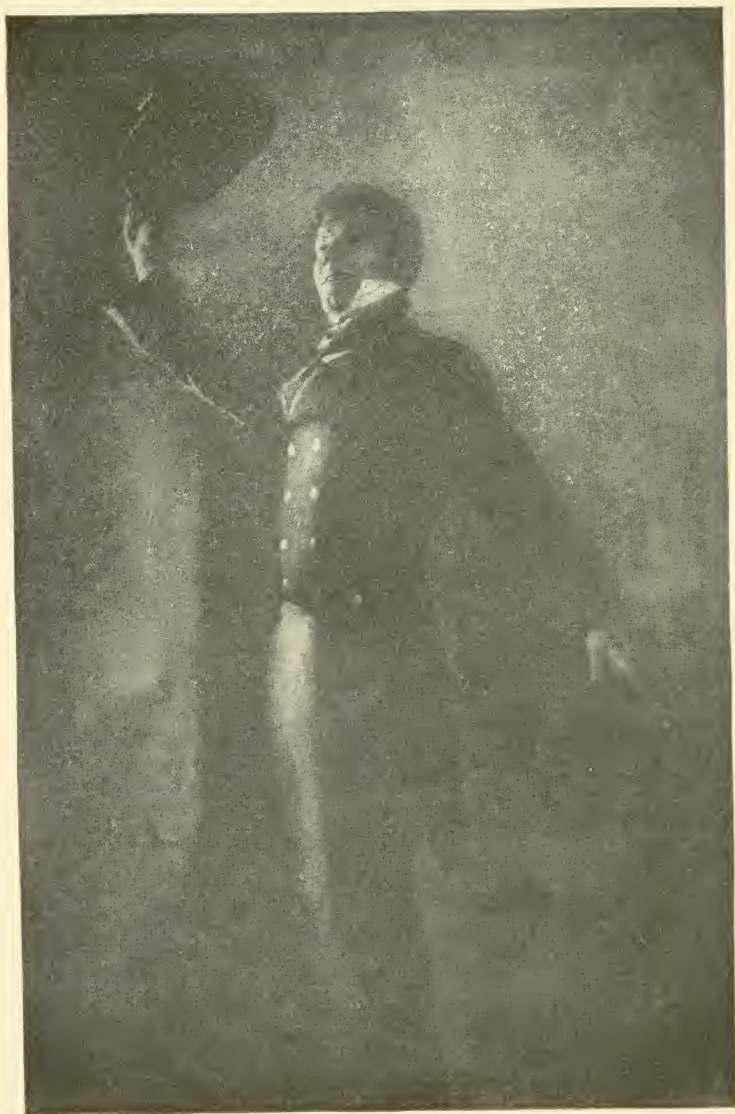
BENTON: He's promised?

BARTON: No. But he's ours. That makes your majority.

BENTON: David, I'm eternally grateful. It's your doing. You've brought me to my life's goal. I can never forget it.

BARTON [*lightly*]: Nonsense, Tom.

BENTON: Don't laugh me off. I mean it. Eternal faith—eternal friendship. I pledge them to you.



"DAVID BARTON."

BARTON: Tom Benton—we're in politics, both of us. There's nothing eternal there—faith or friendship either. One word now. Keep away from the Legislators, or you'll spoil it all.

[Barton, amused at Benton's sober expression, goes into the Tavern. A servant comes out with two more glasses for John Smith T.]

JOHN SMITH T: Thankee. That's thoughtful of the landlord—very thoughtful. Benton.

[Benton absent-mindedly sits at the Colonel's table, and takes up one of the glasses.]

Now there's David Barton—he'll be elected. He's the smartest man in Missouri. Too bad he drinks so. And they do say—but I wouldn't think of repeating it.

[Benton moves nervously. His mind is under the suspense of the election. He hardly hears John Smith T at first.]

You've got a fighting chance, they tell me. I see Barton has brought Leduc around. That'll give you twenty-six votes. Too bad. You need twenty-seven, don't you?

BENTON: Twenty-six? We have twenty-seven.

JOHN SMITH T: You have twenty-six, counting Leduc. Poor Dan'l Ralls—He'd vote for you, but he's too far gone. Can't stand, the Doctor tells me.

BENTON: What's that—Ralls?

JOHN SMITH T: Dying, poor fellow. May live 'till morning. May not. There goes your majority, I'm afraid, Benton.

[A pause.]

I'd be glad to help you. Couldn't get you any more votes, but I might pick off a couple of the opposition. Eh?

BENTON *[Rising, with a sudden revulsion of feeling]*: What are you saying, Colonel?

JOHN SMITH T: Not if you don't want me to, Benton. But you ought n't to be so touchy—you picked off young Lucas.

BENTON: God help you—you old devil. Don't remind me—...Don't—

[He goes into the Tavern.]

JOHN SMITH T: Bless me, there's Tom Benton now. Who'd have thought he'd be so squeamish. As if he had young Lucas dead—around his neck. Politician, too. He'll go to Washington—and stay there. He's a coming man. But he is squeamish.

[He finishes the toddy, still meditating.]

Damned peculiar.

[It is night. In the room above the Legislature in joint session. Scott, Bates, Gamble and Lawless are on the balcony, watching.]

GENERAL ASHLEY: If there is no objection, the roll will be called by districts and counties. For United States Senators, in accordance with the law passed by this Legislature, and duly signed by the Governor on September 28th. Mr. Clerk.

THE CLERK: District of the Counties of Howard and Cooper.

A MEMBER: For David Barton, ten votes; for Thomas Benton, four; for John B. C. Lucas, six.

THE CLERK: Montgomery and Franklin.

SECOND MEMBER: For David Barton, five; for Thomas Benton, three; for Nathaniel Cook, two.

THE CLERK: Sainte Genevieve.

THIRD MEMBER: For Nathaniel Cook, five; for John B. C. Lucas, three; for Henry Elliott, two.

THE CLERK: Cape Girardeau and New Madrid.

MC FERRON: For Thomas Benton, two; for Nathaniel Cook, six; for John Rice Jones, four.

[Aside to his delegation.]

Is that the way you've agreed to, ye terriers?

[Aloud.]

And for David Barton, one; for Judge John B. C. Lucas, one.

THE CLERK: Saint Louis.

JOSHUA BARTON: For David Barton, eight.

[There is a pause, and Scott speaks aside to Lawless]

SCOTT: Now let's see where Leduc stands.

[Joshua Barton is evidently putting some question to Leduc, who holds up his hand in assent.]

JOSHUA BARTON: For Thomas Hart Benton, eight.

THE CLERK: Saint Charles.

FOURTH MEMBER: For David Barton, four.

[There is a rustle of applause among the members, put down by General Ashley's gavel.]

SCOTT: That elects David.

BATES: Ssh.

THE FOURTH MEMBER: For Benton, two; for Lucas, two.

THE CLERK: Jefferson and Washington.

FIFTH MEMBER: For Benton, four; for Lucas, one; for John Rice Jones, three.

SCOTT *[In sudden alarm, to Bates and Lawless]*: Where's Ralls?—he's not in his place.

BATES: With the Pike County delegation—

GAMBLE: He's not there!

LAWLESS: He was sure for Tom, wasn't he?

SCOTT: His only chance.

THE CLERK: Madison and Wayne.

SIXTH MEMBER: For David Barton, three; for John B. C. Lucas, three.

THE CLERK: For Lincoln and Pike.

[*A pause. The clerk repeats his call.*]

For Lincoln and Pike.

SEVENTH MEMBER: Our delegation is incomplete. Our leader, Daniel Ralls—

[*David Barton is seen leading in two of the Tavern servants, who carry Ralls on a bed. He is set down beside his delegation. A silence.*]

THE CLERK: Lincoln and Pike.

RALLS [*Feebly*]: For David Barton, four. For Thomas Hart Benton, four.

[*He falls back, faintly. The members close in around him. A shout is raised—"Benton"—"Benton and Barton"—"Adjourn—adjourn."* From the front door below, comes Benton. He pauses at the head of the steps, sees John Smith T, and starts down the other side. There is a shout from within—"Benton. Tom Benton"—Lawless's voice.]

JOHN SMITH T [*Rising ironically*]: Senator Benton, felicitations. I am delighted—and surprised.

[*Lawless bursts out, followed by Edward Bates and Hamilton Gamble.*]

LAWLESS, BATES and GAMBLE: Congratulations—Benton! Senator Benton!

BENTON: My friends—I thank you.

[*The Host comes out.*]

THE HOST: Hurrah Benton—Senator Benton!

BENTON: Thank you, landlord. Where's David Barton?

THE HOST: He went up to Mr. Rall's room.

BENTON: Ah yes—he would. And Mr. Leduc?

THE HOST: He's with Major Chouteau and his party. They're going to have a little supper.

BENTON: I wish you'd ask Mr. Leduc to step down here a moment. And Major Chouteau too. The whole party.

THE HOST: I will, Senator.

[The Host goes in; groups of the citizens gather, and the Legislators come out, by twos and threes.]

LAWLESS: Quite right, Tom. You ought to thank Leduc. But why the others?

BENTON: It's not just a matter of thanks to Leduc. I have a duty to perform. My first duty as a Senator.
[Isaac Henry approaches Benton familiarly and slaps him on the back.]

HENRY: Well, Benton—so you're elected. Glad of it. That's what editing the Enquirer has done for you. Now what are you going to do for the paper?

BENTON *[with dignity]*: Mr. Henry, you ought to see that the connection between Benton and the Enquirer is automatically severed. I have served the paper to the best of my ability. I can recognize no obligation.

[Major Pierre Chouteau, Jr., Leduc, Pratte, and a couple of other citizens come out. They approach Benton very affably.]

CHOUTEAU: Well Colonel—I mean Senator—we offer you the congratulations.

PRATTE: We take much pleasure in the news of your election.

BENTON: One moment, gentlemen. Mr. Leduc, I thank

you heartily for your vote for me. I am glad your conscience so directed you.

[*Leduc bows.*]

But I have sent for you gentlemen on another matter. I have been acting as your attorney in the Spanish grant cases. They may at any time conflict with the duties of my office. I must now relinquish these cases.

CHOUTEAU: But Colonel Benton, we thought—

PRATTE: Surely while you are in Washington—

BENTON: My decision is final, gentlemen. I must drop your cases.

LEDUC: But can you not reconsider?

BENTON: No.

PRATTE: Can you not name someone to take the cases for you in your absence?

[*Judge Lucas and Charless come on.*]

CHOUTEAU: It would be unfortunate to lose the legal study you have given to the records.

BENTON: I can't recommend anybody, I'm afraid. But Judge Lucas knows the records.

[*He speaks with open sarcasm and the Frenchmen are keenly offended. Judge Lucas smiles, a grim smile. The crowd laughs boisterously. Barton comes out and goes over to Benton, cheered as he passes.*]

LEDUC (angrily): David Barton, you told me—

BARTON: M'sieu' Leduc, why don't you call me Senator? Everybody does now.

LEDUC: You have misled me. You have—

BARTON: No, M'sieu' Leduc. I have only said I am likely to vote as my colleague, Senator Benton, votes. I can't quarrel with you. We can't quarrel with any of

you. You're all our constituents. Come along, Senator.

BENTON: Where are we going?

BARTON: That's a damn fool question. Where should we be going?

[John Scott comes out, and Barton hails him.]

Come here, Congressman Scott.

[Scott falls in with the other two, and the three face the crowd together.]

Now to our will and testament!

Judge Lucas, we're leaving you the Spanish land grant claims. Deal with them justly. Isaac Henry, Senator Benton delivers into your hands the Enquirer. You and Mr. Charless now share the responsibilities of the press—and may there never be peace between you.

HENRY: Oh, look here now, Benton—

BENTON: Senator Barton is quite right, Mr. Henry. I wash the printer's ink from my hands as we shake the dust of Saint Louis from our feet.

BARTON: Mr. Charless, we leave it to you to restrict slavery in Missouri—or abolish it, if you prefer.

CHARLESS: This is not a subject for raillery, Mr. Barton.

BENTON: God knows that's true, Charless.

[McNair comes out on the step.]

MC NAIR: Your credentials, gentlemen.

[He holds up documents; Bates immediately hands them over to Barton.]

And our Constitution. Fight for it.

SCOTT: Aye, we'll have to.

BARTON: And to all of you—those who have been friends and those who have been enemies—Now our Constituents—Hail and farewell!

JOHN SMITH T: Whither away, Davy?

BARTON: To Washington, Colonel. To seek our fortunes in the paths of honor; to write our names high in history; to represent, in the Congress of the Great Republic, the sovereign State of Missouri.

[With a flourish the three swing round and go off, left, the laughing and cheering crowd watching them off. The lights begin to fade as John Smith T's voice is heard.]

JOHN SMITH T: Smart lads, those three. Off to Congress. I wonder, when they get there, if Congress'll let 'em in.

[The scene disappears.]

MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

ACT TWO

Scene 2

[It is now the Spring of the following year, 1821. The State has been erected and its government is in operation; but it has not yet been admitted to the Union.]

Hamilton Gamble and Caroline enter along the terrace. At the front of the steps they pause, and she goes up, turning back at the doorway.]

CAROLINE: Till this evening, then?

GAMBLE: At eight?

CAROLINE: At eight. Mother will be so glad to see you. But you mustn't let her make you talk any business. She'll keep you working over her affairs too much, if we let her. And we're going back to St. Charles in the morning.

GAMBLE: I'm glad she trusts me.

CAROLINE: So am I, Hamilton. It was a lovely walk. Till evening.

THE HOSTESS: Miss Caroline, your mother is calling for you.

[She throws him a furtive kiss, which he returns as furtively. She goes in. Kibbie, very anxious and frightened, comes over to Gamble.]

KIBBIE: Mr. Hamilton, sir—

GAMBLE: Yes, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: You are a friend to Mrs. Coalter's family, ain't you?

GAMBLE: Yes, Kibbie. Why?

KIBBIE: Maybe you all know 'bout this contrac' Mrs. Coalter signed with me. Mr. Charles Lucas wrote it out for us—for Mandy and me.

GAMBLE: Yes, Kibbie. I know all about it.

KIBBIE: I wonder what would happen if I couldn't pay that last 'stallment to-day.

GAMBLE: I don't know. Haven't you the money, Kibbie?

KIBBIE: I had 'most all the money—but I bet on a race. You know how it goes, Mr. Hamilton.

GAMBLE: Yes. I know how it goes.

KIBBIE: Mr. Charles Lucas, he warned me.

GAMBLE: Well, what can I do, Kibbie?

KIBBIE: I don't know, Mr. Hamilton. I don't know where I stand. I lost all my money and then some more, trying to get it back. I had to have it. I don't know now—is Mandy mine, or is she Mrs. Coalter's, or can this here River Man take her away from me?

GAMBLE: River Man?

KIBBIE: Yes sir. You know who I mean. He's a bad man, Mr. Hamilton. Mr. Charles warned me, and I ain't never bet till now—

GAMBLE: Kibbie, this looks serious. Did you put your mark on any papers?

KIBBIE: Yes, Mr. Hamilton. I had to.

GAMBLE: That's bad. I'll do what I can. Perhaps Mrs. Coalter will give you more time. Let me have your contract.

KIBBIE:

[*Taking the leather pouch from his neck.*]

Here it is, Mr. Hamilton—and my other papers too. All I got.

[*Gamble takes the papers and goes off, bowing to Mr. Charless and Judge Lucas, who are just entering.*]

CHARLESS: Kibbie, where's the landlord?

KIBBIE: He's just coming, Mr. Charless.

[*The Host appears in the doorway and Kibbie goes.*]

THE HOST: Mr. Charless, Judge Lucas—how are you, gentlemen?

CHARLESS: Good afternoon, landlord. We've just heard that Governor Clark has returned from Virginia.

THE HOST: So he has. Came this morning. And he'll be here directly, I reckon. Governor McNair is waiting for him.

CHARLESS: What news does he bring from Washington?

THE HOST: You'd better see him yourself, gentlemen. But he did say one thing—our Senators haven't been seated. And John Scott—

LUCAS: What's this? Heard Scott spoke in the House.

HOST: No. They would only admit him as a delegate. And he wouldn't accept that.

LUCAS: Off with such a flourish—those three. . . . And the door shut in their faces.

HOST: It's that law about the free negroes.

LUCAS: That's the pretext, yes.

CHARLESS: It shows which way the great wind is blowing.

LUCAS: The wind of the future. . . . May be.

[*A group of Indians, in ceremonial dress, enter.*]

THE CHIEF: White father—the Governor—he here?

HOST: Governor McNair?

THE CHIEF: White father—the Red Head. No McNair. We come far. Beyond meeting trails. Must see Red Head.

JUDGE LUCAS: Red Head here. Sunset.

THE CHIEF: Good. We stay.

[The Indians sit in a circle, at the right.]

CHARLESS: You see how we stand—the new state still entangled with the old territory. They come from beyond the State border. Peaceful, I hope.

JUDGE LUCAS: God grant it. We are a State—isolated, alone, beset on all our borders. God give us peace—on all.

[Enter the River Man, with a couple of rough looking retainers.]

THE RIVER MAN: Landlord, you have a boy named Kibbie working here?

THE HOST: Yes.

THE RIVER MAN: Belong to you?

THE HOST: No. He's free.

THE RIVER MAN: What about this wench, Mandy?

THE HOST: She's his wife. They both work for me.

THE RIVER MAN: Does she belong to you?

THE HOST: No.

THE RIVER MAN: Is she free, too?

THE HOST: No.

THE RIVER MAN: That's what I want to know. She belongs to him, then?

JUDGE LUCAS: What have you to do with them?

THE RIVER MAN: I don't have to argue it with you, Judge. I know now how it stands. I'll be back for the wench.

[He turns on his heel and goes off, his followers falling in behind him.]

JUDGE LUCAS: Landlord, if anything happens to Kibbie or to Mandy, send for me. My son took an interest in them.

THE HOST: Here come's Governor Clark now. I'll tell Governor McNair.

[The Host goes in as William Clark enters. He is a man of fifty, serious and reserved. Mr. Charless and Judge Lucas greet him.]

CHARLESS: Welcome home, Governor Clark. You have news for us, the landlord says?

WILLIAM CLARK: News—yes. But not of good cheer, I'm afraid.

[McNair and Edward Bates come out of the Tavern. It is now sunset.]

MC NAIR: Governor Clark—mighty glad to welcome you back to Missouri. You've been a long time in Virginia. I trust Mrs. Clark's health is improved.

CLARK: I thank you, McNair. And I must congratulate you on your election. It is far better so.

MC NAIR: I'm not so sure. You still have authority in some places where I haven't. These Indians won't even talk to me.

[The Indian group has arisen and now approach Clark.]

THE CHIEF: White Father. The sun sets clear, and the moon is peaceful. You come back.

CLARK: These are good words, my children.

THE CHIEF: We want council talk with you. No talk with McNair. Talk with you. When?

CLARK: To-morrow the fire will be lighted in my council lodge.

THE CHIEF: Good. Tomorrow sun, we make true talk by your council fire. We are your children.

[The Indians solemnly go off.]

MC NAIR: You see?

CLARK: They have been my friends for many years—ever since Lewis and I went up the Missouri. And I am still in some authority over the territory beyond the State boundaries. A difficult authority, Governor.

MC NAIR: On behalf of the State, I pledge you every possible assistance.

CLARK: I am grateful, and I hope none will be needed.

[Pierre Chouteau and Leduc come on, all the group eager to hear Clark's news from the East.]

CHARLESS: You spoke of news from Washington, Governor Clark?

CLARK: Yes. Dark news. Congress still resists. Scott and Benton and Barton work steadily in the lobby. They have made powerful friends, Henry Clay, for one. But the deadlock continues. There seems to be no end. Our statehood is blocked.

MC NAIR: No. Our State exists. We are no longer a territory. We can not bring back the territorial government. We can not set back Time. We are a State. And in the end the Union must admit us.

CLARK: You are full of courage—all of you. But I have just come from one whose word I revere beyond that of any living man. If you could hear him—

LUCAS: We know of whom you speak. Tell us.

[There is a pause, as Clark begins, very gravely.]

CLARK: In Washington I heard the halls ring with the struggle. In the end a struggle for power. A new line of political battle. North against South. Noise and tumult, and no one ready to yield. Then I rode over into the Virginia Hills. To Monticello. To me, a shrine; the home of a man I have greatly loved, and deeply honored. In his great verandah I found him—found Jefferson. He was working over the plans of his University—out there in the wind. He had bits of brick to keep his drawings from blowing away. He is very old now. And he seemed so happy, planning—planning so rich a future. He looked up and smiled. Then, as he withdrew his spirit from the work before him, his brow clouded and knotted. I spoke of Missouri, of our statehood denied. “North against South,” he said. “In the gloomiest moment of the Revolution, I never felt such apprehension—such a portent. . . . Like a fire in the night . . . it may mean the death knell of the Union.” His plans blew around him, unheeded. He sat fixing his eyes far off—trying to see the end.

LUCAS: We, lacking his vision—what can we know of it?

MC NAIR: We cannot know. We can only fight through.

CHARLESS: And what more did Jefferson say?

CLARK: He wouldn’t talk of it. But when I was leaving he gave me this. A sketch he traced from his plan.

[He spreads out a tracing to show them.]

LUCAS: Strange. A wall—serpentine.

CLARK: He said. “I wanted a wall around my gardens at our University. We have not the brick enough, they told me. ‘Make the wall thin,’ I said. ‘It will not

stand,' they say. I thought about it. Then we built the walls thin, but serpentine, and they stood firm." With that he smiled, as if he had given me good counsel, and put this tracing in my hands.

LUCAS: And so he had.

MC NAIR:

[Shaking off the spell of Jefferson's counsel.]

Come in, gentlemen. Come in.

[They go into the Tavern as Kibbie appears in the servants' doorway.]

KIBBIE: Now look here, Mandy. I can't help what's done. I give the contrac' to Mr. Hamilton.

MANDY *[coming out in pursuit]*: Don't tell me what all you can't help. You didn't have to bet, did you?

KIBBIE: N—no.

MANDY: And after what Mr. Charles told you, too. And you promised him—

[The River Man returns, accompanied by the Slave Dealer.]

THE RIVER MAN: Well, Kibbie, have you got that money for me?

KIBBIE: No, sir. I ain't got no money.

MANDY: What for do you want money off him?

THE RIVER MAN: That's none of your affair, young woman. Now look here, Kibbie. Here's your note of hand. You know what that is?

KIBBIE: I ain't rightly sure if I do.

THE RIVER MAN: Well, this shows how you owe me one hundred dollars. You say you haven't got it. All right, I'll take your property for it.

[To the Slave Dealer.]



"HAMILTON ROWAN GAMBLE."

Look her over. She's mine now.

KIBBIE: No she ain't yours. You all can't take her.

THE RIVER MAN: She's yours, ain't she?

KIBBIE: Yes, she's mine, 'fore God.

THE RIVER MAN: You own her, don't you?

KIBBIE: I don't know 'bout that, but she's mine.

THE RIVER MAN: Can you prove it?

[Kibbie starts to take out the leather bag around his neck.]

THE SLAVE DEALER: Come now—let's see what writin's you've got for her.

MANDY: Kibbie, don't you show them no writin's. You go long—you. I belongs to Mrs. Coalter, I do.

THE RIVER MAN: She lies. I know better.

[He snatches the leather bag from Kibbie's hand, and opens it. It is empty.]

Papers—hell! He ain't got even a 'mancipation on him.

THE SLAVE DEALER: I know he ain't. Good reason, too. The landlord here said he owned him. He lied. I own him.

THE RIVER MAN *(to his followers)*: Take 'em both, boys. To the boat. Quick.

KIBBIE: Don't you touch her, and don't you touch me. I'll kill you, so help me, I will.

THE SLAVE DEALER: Hear that—threats.

MANDY: Don't strike, Kibbie—don't strike. O God—dear God!

[She crouches, screaming, at Kibbie's feet where he stands at bay against the Tavern wall. Mr. Charless comes out.]

CHARLESS: What's this? What do you want?

THE RIVER MAN: Don't you interfere.

KIBBIE: Mr. Charless—You know I's a free man.

THE SLAVER DEALER: What's he got to do with it? Come along.

MANDY: They're trying to take us, Mr. Charless—down the river—down the river.

[Judge Lucas joins Charless on the steps.]

KIBBIE: He's got a paper—

CHARLESS: Paper. Nonsense. There's no way he can take you. Don't be afraid, Kibbie.

KIBBIE: No, Mr. Charless.

THE RIVER MAN: What are you waiting for, boys? Take them both.

[His followers make a rush for Kibbie and Mandy. Mr. Charless steps down and raises his cane.]

CHARLESS: Stand off.

THE SLAVE DEALER: Go on. They're damned slave stealing abolitionists, both of them.

[Pointing to Mr. Charless and Judge Lucas.]

JUDGE LUCAS: Let be. Go now. There's law here.

THE RIVER MAN: Law be damned. I've been waiting for my chance at you. Take those niggers.

[The river gang rushes. Mr. Charless and Judge Lucas lay about them with their sticks, shouting. The melee sways back and forward before the Tavern steps, the River Man trying to drag Kibbie and Mandy away, the Judge and Charless striving to intercede for them. Hamilton Gamble comes in and joins in the defense. The River Man is reinforced by others of his kind. At the height of the

*riot, McNair enters, followed by Governor Clark;
the Host, and others from the Tavern.]*

MC NAIR: Order! Order there!
[He starts down the steps.]

THE RIVER MAN: Back, boys. It's McNair.

MC NAIR: What does this mean?

THE SLAVE DEALER: They're slave stealers—abolitionists.
They—

THE RIVER MAN: Mum, there. It's no good.

CHARLESS: These men were trying to take Kibbie's wife.

MANDY: They was fo' takin' us down the river.

MC NAIR:
[To the River Man.]

I give you three minutes to get out of my reach. And
that means—State of Missouri.

THE SLAVE DEALER: Is that legal? Is that government?

MC NAIR: It's government.

THE RIVER MAN: We'd better be going.
[The mob from the river melts swiftly out of sight.]

GAMBLE: Here, Kibbie.
*[He hands back the documents and Kibbie puts
them back in his leather pouch.]*

MANDY: God bless ye, Mr. Hamilton.

MC NAIR: What was it, Judge Lucas?

LUCAS: Beasts of prey. Hunters of men.

CHARLESS: They tried to take Kibbie, here. He's a free
man. We all know—

MC NAIR: Yes, he's free. And we're bound to protect
him. But you see the trouble it makes. It's this sort of

thing the law's for—the very thing they're blocking the State with.

MANDY (sobbing): It ain't Kibbie's fault he's free. His master made him free.

LUCAS: It's not freedom that makes riot. It's slavery.

MC NAIR: You're a bold speaking man, Judge Lucas. The Constitution covers all that. The law allows it.

CLARK: You see—North against South. Pitted. . . . And between them, Missouri. The fire in the sky. . . .

LUCAS: Slavery. And strife. The State. . . . God knows.

[A shout is heard faintly at first, off stage at the left. It grows, and words begin to be distinguished—"The Governor"—"McNair." "A Despatch." A few citizens come on, eagerly, from both sides. Then a Despatch Rider, followed by a crowd of people, among them John Smith T, McFerron, and nearly all the principal citizens.]

THE DESPATCH RIDER: Is Governor McNair here?

MC NAIR: I'm Governor McNair.

THE DESPATCH RIDER: This for you, from Congressman Scott.

[He delivers a packet. McNair opens it.]

MC NAIR:

[To Bates. Giving him a letter from the packet.]

From Barton. Look it over. Scott sends this. I told you it had to come.

[He breaks the seal.]

CHARLESS: From Washington? How lately?

THE DESPATCH RIDER: I left the second of March. He waited for President Monroe to sign.

MC NAIR: My friends, our enemies in Congress have given way at last. A second Compromise!

CLARK: Serpentine!

MC NAIR:

[Holding up his hand for silence, reads.]

At the instance of Henry Clay, a joint conference resolved that, on the passage of a Solemn Public Act by our Legislature, which shall declare assent to the fundamental condition that no citizen of another state shall be excluded from Constitutional rights and privileges within our borders, Missouri shall be admitted into the Union on an equal footing with the original States. And to this both houses of Congress have given their assent.

[Cheers. The stage grows dark. Again the lights appear, and the crowd, redoubled, still exults over the news.]

MISSOURI

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO

THE EPILOGUE

Trumpets—a long blast, and music of triumph. Lights glimmer faintly on a great tapestry, its sky of pale gold patterned with towering verdure. The lights grow more intense at the centre, and a majestic group is disclosed: Missouri, magnificent in celebration of the hundred years, flanked by figures of Liberty and Justice, Art and Faith.

Below, Saint Louis in silver armour leads festival groups in homage to the State.

CHORUS

Greetings, Missouri, and high festival!

A century has flown since first, a State
The cheering pioneers saluted thee. And now
In the full glow and fruitage of the years
We give thee—Hail, Missouri—
Hail and good harvest!

SAINT LOUIS

And by my voice a city, greeting thee
Brings love and homage, and sets free the surge
Of joyous spirits crying thee delight.

MISSOURI

My people! Clad for festival you come
And I would not hold back the dancing foot
Nor silence, for a moment, eager song.
We have grown rich in gear and gold. And yet
Are we not richer still in memories?
Far back, the changing flags, the dauntless tread

The dreaming builders breaking virgin sod,
The men who dared, in what a perilous hour
The charter of our statehood's sovereignty
Well we rejoice,
Between the harvest and the hunter's Moon.
Mine ears are filled with voices of the dead,
Crying to me out of the long ago.
Mine eyes are dazzled with the coming day.
My shoulders droop beneath the weight of flowers.
Well we rejoice, look back with pride, and meet
Fearless, the marching of the onward years.

STRIFE

(Appearing below.)

Why fearless? Have you then so soon forgot?

MISSOURI

Nay. I remember all, to-night.

STRIFE

You have forgotten me.

MISSOURI

Not so.

STRIFE

In every clashing hour through all these years
I have been near you. Lo, I claim my right
To stand among your chosen in the time
Of your rejoicing. Who are these?

MISSOURI

Justice and Liberty—and Art and Faith.

STRIFE

My place is there. Make way.

SAINT LOUIS

Nay, Strife. Stand back.

STRIFE

I came in the beginning; came with slavery—

MISSOURI

And I have done with slavery.

STRIFE

Are you so sure?

MISSOURI

You plunged me then in wars that rent my house
Well-nigh asunder. I remember well.

STRIFE

How many of your sons have died, through me—

MISSOURI

I think upon my sons who died
Exultantly. For they died well. They live
In all my glories. And their battles gave
Unto my farthest children's children, dreams
Of heroical fire; and mighty names
Leaders and Captains, written high in gold,
Whose deathless deeds shall never cease to sing
About my hearth-stone.

STRIFE

Still you deny me place?

SAINT LOUIS

We all deny thee, Strife. There is no honor,
No station in solemnities, for thee.

STRIFE

Think you that Strife shall cease?

MISSOURI

Hold. This is true: if I be strong
'Tis by thy ministry
I will not fight anew
Upon old issues. But the times to come

Are not without thee, Strife. Stand here.
Remind me how the flowing of the world,
The drone of years that pass unhistoried,
May lull the soul to a luxurious ease,
And blunt the silver lance of Destiny.
Stand here. Not Strife, to me, but Power. Power
For the struggle up the long slant future.
And now, ye singing voices, soar again,
And beat the earth beneath triumphant feet.
Tonight a hundred springs' remembered flowers
Blow from a hundred winters' melting snows;
A hundred summers fill the ripening grain,
A hundred harvests gather into one
And I am crowned with all their garnered gold.
[*Strife, cloaked now and leaning on a sword, stands
before her.*]

CHORUS

Out of the struggle of old
She came, proudly elate;
Out of the struggle, behold
Missouri, the State!

Where two great rivers meet and mingle,
And single
Flow on to the sea
She set her seal on the border—
Gave order
To slave and to free.
And the light that gleams on the rivers
And quivers
Across on the bars
Is the light of her battle-glory—
The story
She lifts—to the stars!

A hundred years of storm and sun
A hundred years of growth and toil,
But never a year to wish undone
Nor a stain upon her soil.

Lift up your hands, Missouri's sons—
Lift hearts, Missouri's daughters,
For tonight
A century's beacon light
Gleams o'er Missouri's waters.
Yea, glad for all the years gone by,
Serene to face the years to come,
We lift our hands
We lift our hearts
Missouri, Missouri, to thee—
We lift and pledge
Our hands and hearts
Missouri—Missouri—to thee!

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